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There was a Steam Boat too, just coming in with a long cloud of smoke for a streamer.

CALEB IN TOWN.

A

STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

Jacob Abbott

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The object of this little work, and of others of its family, which may perhaps follow, is, like that of the "Rollo Books," to furnish useful and instructive reading to young children. The aim is not so directly to communicate knowledge, as it is to develop the moral and intellectual powers, — to cultivate habits of discrimination and correct reasoning, and to establish sound principles of moral conduct. The Rollo books embrace principally intellectual and moral discipline: Caleb, and the others of its family, will include also *religious* training, according to the evangelical views of

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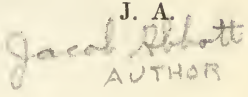
Christian truth which the author has been accustomed to entertain, and which he has inculcated in his more serious writings.

J. A.

Roxbury, *June*, 1839.



CONTENTS.

Page.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILL-DAM 7

CHAPTER II.

THE HAWKIES..... 27

CHAPTER III.

A CITY WALK 44

CHAPTER IV.

BUYING AT AUCTION 67

CHAPTER V.

SABBATH MORNING..... 74

CHAPTER VI.

JANSON AGAIN 93

CHAPTER VII.

MONDAY MORNING 106

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE HAWKIES..... 117

CHAPTER IX.

Page.

Caleb's Story 129

CHAPTER X.

The Flannel Garden 139

CHAPTER XI.

Shopping 153

CHAPTER XII.

The Checker-Board 167

CALEB IN TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILL-DAM.

One afternoon in October, a carryall was coming along one of the great roads leading into Boston. There was a gentleman and a lady upon the front seat of the carryall. On the back seat there was a beautiful and happy-looking girl, about seventeen years of age, at one side, and a bright-eyed boy on the other, who appeared to be about twelve. A much smaller boy, of a mild and gentle expression of countenance, sat between them. This boy in the middle was Caleb. He was coming back to Boston, after having spent the summer with his grandmother, Madam Rachel, in the country. The lady and gentleman on the front seat were his father and mother.

The curtains of the carryall were up all around.

"There, Dwight," said Caleb, pointing out, "there, that is the State-House."

It was a distant dome crowning the summit of a hill as far as they could see before them.

"It is not," said Dwight.

"Yes, it is," said Caleb. "Don't you suppose I know the State-House? We live right before it."

Dwight was one of those boys who often contradict what other children say, without any very good reason; and so they get into constant disputes. He appealed to Caleb's father, who sat before him, to prove that Caleb was wrong.

"Is that the State-House, brother George?" said he.

The gentleman looked out, and said it was.

"There, I told you so," said Caleb. — Caleb ought not to have said that. It is wrong to triumph over any one, when they are proved to be mistaken.

"Well, I am sure I thought the famous

State-House was bigger than that," said Dwight.

The boys rode on a few minutes in silence, when Caleb presently resumed the conversation by saying,

"What makes you always call my father brother George, Dwight?"

"Why, what *should* I call him?" said Dwight.

"Call him Uncle George."

"Why, he is not my uncle; he is my brother. I am *your* uncle."

"*My* uncle! O, ho," said Caleb, "that is droll enough."

"I am," said Dwight, very seriously. "I certainly am. A'n't I, Mary Anne?"

Mary Anna had not been listening to the conversation, but had been looking out of the window, attending to her own thoughts, and enjoying the beauties of the scenery.

"A'n't you what?" said she.

"A'n't I Caleb's uncle?"

"Yes," said she, "certainly; brother George is your brother and Caleb's father; of course you are his uncle."

Caleb could not think of calling in question

Mary Anna's authority, and so he simply said to himself, laughing at the idea,

"O, what a little uncle!"

They rode on in this manner for some time, until at last they came to a village, where there was a great hotel. They stopped at the door of the hotel, and a man came and stood at the horse's head while they all got out. They went into a back parlor, where, after a little time, they took tea, though it was early; and just before the sun went down, they got into the carryall again. But now it was growing pretty cool, and so they had the curtains put down all around, and Caleb's mother and Mary Anna sat upon the back seat, while his father took the two boys upon the front seat, upon one side of him.

They were now drawing pretty near the city; and as they trotted along the smooth and wide road, they passed rapidly by handsome country-seats and pleasant villages; and they had an occasional view of the city, five or six miles distant, ranges of buildings rising one above another upon the sides of Beacon Hill, and the dome of the State-House crowning the summit.

As they went on, the boys observed that the number of carriages and vehicles of all sorts continually increased as they approached the city.

"The carts are all coming out, and the carriages all going in," said Dwight.

"Yes," said Mary Anna; "that is because the carriages belong in the city; and they are going home, because night is coming. But the carts and wagons are going out into the country with their loads. Brother George," she continued, "how long will it be before we get into Boston?"

"About an hour," he replied.

"Why can't you tell us something about Boston, then, as we are riding along? As you are a Boston merchant, I suppose you can tell us all about it."

"Very well," replied the merchant, "I will give you a lecture upon Boston, to beguile the time."

"Well," said Dwight, with a tone of great satisfaction.

"In the first place," said the merchant, "do any of you know what causes people to collect together in great cities?"

Mary Anna said she did not.

"A city," said the merchant, "in modern times, is *essentially* nothing but a great collection of people about a landing-place.' '

"A landing-place?" said Dwight.

"Yes," said the merchant. "You see, different things grow in different countries, and they carry them from one to another in ships; and so, whenever there is a little bay in the land, with deep water inside, so that ships can come up close to the shore and unload, there people collect in great numbers; and that makes a city."

"I should not think it would take all the people in Boston to unload the ships," said Caleb.

"No, it does not," said his father; "there must be a great many persons to make the rigging and sails, and to fit out the ships; and carpenters and masons to build wharves and warehouses, to store the goods in; and cartmen to cart the goods about the city; and then all these people must be fed and clothed, and so there must be stores for them to buy what they want in, and storekeepers, and more carpenters and masons to build their

stores and houses. Then the people come in from the country to buy the goods which come in in the ships, and they send the wagoners in, to take the goods away, and so there must be hotels and stables for horses, and stages for people coming and going. Then a great deal of money is wanted, and so there must be banks to lend the merchants money, when they have not enough, and to keep their money for them safely, when they have more than they want; and courts and lawyers, too, to settle the disputes, and physicians to visit the people when they are sick, &c. &c. So, you see, a great many different kinds of people are brought together, and all because there happens to be a little bay with deep water in it, so that ships can come in safely and unload."

They went on talking about the constitution of a city in this way, for some time. Gradually it began to grow dark. Lights appeared at the windows of the houses. Stars came out faintly, one by one, all over the sky. At last, after riding for some little time in silence, Dwight called out in a tone of great, surprise,

"O Caleb, Caleb, what is that? — see that very long row of lights. There are two rows. What is it?"

"That!" said Caleb; "O, that is the mill-dam."

"Mill-dam!" said Dwight, in an incredulous tone. He thought Caleb was fooling him.

"Yes, it is the mill-dam. We are pretty near Boston, I know by that."

"It isn't any mill-dam at all," said Dwight, "I know. Is it, brother George?"

The merchant had been riding then, for a few minutes in silence, thinking of his own affairs; but now he turned to Dwight and said,

"What did you ask?"

"Isn't that the mill-dam?" said Caleb.

"Yes; those are the lights on the mill-dam."

"There!" said Caleb. And at the same instant, "O!" said Dwight, "the *lights* on the mill-dam. They may be the lights on the mill-dam; but I knew they could not be the mill-dam itself."

Caleb was about to make a sharp reply, which would have continued the dispute,

when he recollected that his grandmother, Madam Rachel, had taught him that whenever he found conversation tending to a dispute, his duty was to be silent. "It takes two to make a dispute," she used to say; "and so if you can by any means keep one tongue still, the other must stop too."

So Caleb just said "Very well," and let the matter drop.

The lights increased and multiplied, as they rode along and brought Boston more and more into view. They could not see any of the buildings, for it was now quite dark; but there was a vast constellation of bright stars spread out all before them, across the back bay, with the long rows of lights upon the mill-dam leading towards it, like an avenue of stars. Presently, other long ranges of lights came into view.

"O Caleb," said Dwight, "what are those? more mill-dams?"

"No," said Caleb, "those are bridges."

"Bridges?" said Dwight; "well, there is some sense in lighting bridges; but who ever heard of lighting up a mill-dam? Is it for

the sake of the fishes, or to light the water through the gate ? "

If Dwight had said this playfully, and in good nature, it would have been very well ; but he spoke in a disputing and captious tone ; for he was a little out of humor with Caleb, because he had himself been in the wrong about the mill-dam. People are more apt to be out of humor when they have done something wrong themselves, than when other people have done wrong to them. Caleb, perceiving that he was not in a pleasant mood, said nothing. He rode along in silence, a few minutes, admiring the splendid display which was spread out before them.

" How many bridges ! " said Dwight, at length. " Which one shall we go over, Caleb ? "

" O, we are going over the mill-dam," said Caleb.

" Over the mill-dam ! That's a pretty story," said Dwight, punching Caleb a little with his thumb. " You don't expect me to believe that."

" Yes, certainly ; a'n't we, father ? " said

Caleb, appealing to the merchant, for the correctness of his information.

"Yes," replied his father.

"O George," said Dwight, "what a story! — Well, Mary Anna," he continued, looking around towards the back seat, "I hope you can swim. You'd better get out your life-preserver, if you have got one, for we're all going over the dam together."

Dwight laughed at his own wit, and in fact laughed himself into good humor by it, and in a few minutes they came upon the mill-dam. Dwight found to his surprise that it was a great bridge. He asked Caleb why it was called a mill-dam; but Caleb did not know. His brother George then told him that it was not like other bridges, open below for the water to pass; but it was built up solid from the bottom, so as to stop the water; and Caleb saw, by looking out upon each side, that the water was higher on one side than upon the other. The lights were placed along upon the sides of the road, at equal distances, and they shone upon the road, and also upon the water. They were all in square glass boxes or lanterns, so that the wind could

not blow them out. As the carryall rode along, the light gleamed in, first on one side, and then upon the other, making the shadow of the horse assume all manner of monstrous shapes, and always just after they passed a light, the shadow of the horse's head and neck would stretch out before, faster and faster, until it became enormous, and was lost and confounded in the darkness.

Presently they came to a little village.

"Why, here is a village," said Dwight; "a village upon a mill dam! Who ever heard of such a thing?" The houses seemed to be built up out of the water; some of the buildings seemed to be houses, and others great machine shops or factories, with great blazing lights beaming through the windows, and the tremendous noise of engines sounding within.

They rode on past the village; the broad road of the mill-dam before them, the water, with gleams from the lamps, dancing upon it, on either side, and thousands of lights beyond, shining brilliantly along the shores.

The mill-dam seemed very long to Dwight. He thought it must be a mile or two long; but they reached the end of it at length.

They stopped a moment at a little toll-house, near the end, and paid their toll, and then rode off from the mill-dam upon the solid ground. It was a broad and handsome street, with high, very high brick buildings on one side, all close together in a row, and a large green field upon the other side, with a double row of great trees along the side of it. It was Beacon Street, and the green field was Boston Common.

"There," said Caleb, pointing towards the field, "there is the Common; and down there a little way, near the great elm, is a beautiful pond, where we can sail our boats."

"Is there?" said Dwight. "Is it as good a place as our brook?"

"Why, no," said Caleb, hesitating. He was unwilling to admit the inferiority of Boston, in any respect; but still he could not deny that the brook, in front of Madam Rachel's, was a better place to sail boats than the Frog Pond.

"I don't think it is quite so good," said Caleb. "There is not any mole there."

"O, but we will build a mole," said Dwight.

"Can we?" said Caleb, hesitating. He did not know whether it would exactly do for the boys to attempt to build a mole in the pond on the Common.

"But what can we build it of?" said he.

"O, of stones," said Dwight.

"But we can't get any stones."

"Why not? a'n't there any stones in Boston?"

"No *loose* stones, that we can get."

"Then we can build it of old logs and earth."

"But where shall we get the old logs?" said Caleb.

"O, we can pick them up, around," said Dwight. "A'n't there any on the Common?"

"No," said Caleb, "I never saw any."

Dwight imagined that there were as many old logs, and stones, and stumps, and fallen trees, lying about upon Boston Common as there were upon his mother's farm.

Just then, as the horse was walking up the street, he saw a curious-looking object before him, moving slowly along upon the side walk. It was a woman, with an enormous

bundle upon her head. Dwight looked out very eagerly.

"Why, Caleb," said he, "what is that?"

"Nothing but a woman carrying home a bundle."

"It is a great bundle of shavings," said Mary Anna, behind them.

The boys looked around, and saw that Mary Anna had a corner of her curtain unfastened, and was peeping out.

Mary Anna was right — it was a great bundle of shavings and sticks, tied up in a blanket, and resting upon the woman's head.

"She is going to make a bonfire," said Dwight.

"No," said Mary Anna; "that is to make her fire with. They pick up any thing they can find to make their fires with, in Boston, I've been told. At any rate, it does not look much as if you could find old wood enough about, to build your mole."

"Well," said Dwight, "I can make a mole of earth, for that I know I can get, right out of the ground, close to the pond."

Caleb did not answer, for his attention was occupied by the woman, who was walking

along just before them, on the side walk, and now so near that they could see both her and her bundle very plainly.

"Poor woman!" said Caleb, in a low voice, to his father; "what a heavy load! Father, I wish you would give her some money to buy some wood with."

"I don't know whether that would be very wise."

"Why, father, grandmother tells me we must always do as we would be done by; and I am sure you would like it if somebody would give you some money, if you were carrying home such a heavy load."

"I am not certain that I should," said his father.

"O father!" said Caleb with surprise.

"Why, now, some of the men, who live in these houses," said his father, pointing to the large edifices by the side of the way, are as much richer than I am, as I am richer than this woman; and yet I don't want them to come out and offer to give me some money."

"Why, father," said Caleb, "suppose they should come and give you fifty dollars, should not you like it?"

"No," said the merchant, shaking his head.

"A hundred, then?" said Caleb.

"No," said his father; "if they should, in any way, give me a hundred dollars, or any thing of as much value as that, I should feel uneasy until I had done something to cancel the obligation."

"To what?" said Caleb.

"To cancel the obligation; that is to pay 'em back again. I should not want to receive money in that way."

"Yes, but, father," said Caleb, "perhaps *you* would not like to, and yet that poor woman might. She may be different from you."

"Very likely," replied the merchant; "but you said the rule was for me to do as I wished others to do to me, not as others wish me to do to them. So, according to that rule, as long as I don't wish people that are *richer than I am*, to give me money, I am not bound to give it to those that are not so rich."

Caleb was not quite convinced; but he hardly knew what to say in reply to his father.

"Then," said Dwight, "we never ought to give any thing to poor people."

"That does not follow, at all, from what I have been saying," replied the merchant. "All I have said is, that we are not bound to give them money just because we suppose they would like to have us give it to them. They may be destitute, and in distress. Then I ought to give them something, for then the rule would apply. If I was in distress myself, I should want richer people to do something for me."

"Well," said Caleb, "I thought that woman was destitute and in distress."

"I have no reason to suppose she is," said the merchant.

"*I* think she is," said Caleb.

"And I have some reason to think she is not," said his father.

"Why?" said Caleb.

"Because I saw, as we passed her, by the light of the lamp, that she had ear-rings in her ears; so I suppose she does not think herself very poor, after all."

Caleb looked around at the woman, who had dropped a little behind them, as they

slowly went up the street. He could not see the ear-rings, for one ear was turned away from him, and the one which was towards him was in shadow. The light of a blazing lamp, however, which hung upon a tall iron post, just before her, fell upon her face, and he saw that she looked contented and happy; and her cheeks were full, and fresh, as if she did not suffer much from want.

At this moment Caleb's father drew in the reins, and stopped the horse, saying in a low voice to the boys that he was going to speak to the woman.

"Can you tell me, ma'am," said he, in a louder voice, and addressing the woman, "whether Park Street clock has struck eight?"

The woman stopped, turned her head slowly round, carefully poising her load upon it, until she was facing the carryall, and then said that she did not know Park Street clock, but she had not heard any clock at all.

"You have got a heavy load there," said the merchant.

"No, indeed, it is not," said she; "I am sorry to say, it is very light. The boys got

pretty much all the sticks and chips, and left me nothing but shavings."

The horse did not like to stand still in the street, with the weight of the carryall drawing him back, down the hill. So he began to walk along just as the woman began her sentence, and she moved on too, talking as she walked, — her head turned a little outwards towards the party in the street. In the course of the conversation she told them where she lived, and that her name was Lindy, and that her business was to go out to work by the day. Here Caleb's mother whispered to her husband, to hire her to come and work for them the next day, and he accordingly did so. She promised to come in the morning immediately after breakfast, and then, as they had all arrived at the upper corner of the Common, the carryall turned down Park Street, while the woman kept on in Beacon Street, and soon disappeared.

The carryall moved on a few minutes longer, and at length stopped before the door of a house in Colonnade Row.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAWKIES.

One morning after the children had been some days in Boston, they were out playing in the Mall, across the street directly opposite the house where Caleb lived. The Mall is a broad gravelled walk, shaded with great elm-trees, which runs along the side of the Common. Dwight and Mary Anna were going home the next day, in the stage, and Caleb was going to school, so they knew it would be the last day that they could play together for some time. They were gathering up leaves into a heap. It was autumn, and many of the leaves had fallen from the great elms, and were lying about upon the ground. Dwight had proposed to gather them up into a great heap, and then make a bonfire of them. Caleb had some doubt whether it would do to build a bonfire on the Common, any better than to make a mole in the pond ;

so he faintly suggested to Dwight that he did not believe "they'd let 'em build a fire."

"Who?" said Dwight.

"Why — the people."

"Yes, they will," said Dwight, confidently; "why not?"

"Why, because," said Caleb, "it might set the houses a-fire."

"Poh! The houses a-fire!" said Dwight, contemptuously. "You can't set the houses a-fire in Boston. They are all built of brick."

Dwight might have spoken more pleasantly, even if he had been sure that it was proper to make a bonfire of the leaves. Caleb had no reply to make to Dwight's reasoning, and so he quietly went to work, helping Dwight gather up the leaves. There were people going back and forth across the Common, upon the various walks, and up and down the Mall; but they took no notice of Caleb and Dwight, and Caleb and Dwight took very little notice of them. But when the boys had got the heap of leaves completed, and Dwight was just trying to get Caleb to go in and get a coal of fire to light it, they heard a rattling sound, and, looking

up, they saw a boy coming down the Mall drawing a pair of trucks after him.

The trucks were plain wooden trucks, painted blue. There were two wheels, with a very stout axletree between them, and two long slender arms or shafts, extended forward, for handles. The boy took hold of the two shafts, walking, himself, between them. Over the axletree was a seat made of a board, fixed in an oblique position, after a fashion peculiar to the trucks of the Boston boys. A small boy was perched up upon this seat, with reins and whip in his hands. He was driving the other boy as his horse.

When this party came to the place where Caleb and Dwight were playing, they stopped; and the horse, who was much the largest boy, asked Dwight what he was doing.

"I am going to build a bonfire," said Dwight.

"A bonfire!" said the boy, with a peculiar smile. The smile was not one of pleasure, but rather a smile of incredulity or ridicule. Dwight noticed the expression, and asked the boy what he was laughing at.

"I'm laughing to think what a pretty

figure you will cut at the watch-house to-night."

"At the watch-house?" said Dwight; "what is that?"

"Did not you ever see the watch-house?" said he.

"No," replied Dwight.

"And should you like to?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you build a bonfire on the Common, and I'll warrant you to see the inside of it before two hours are out."

So saying, the boy started off, and trotted away down the Mall, drawing the trucks after him.

"What an ugly fellow that is!" said Dwight, as soon as he had gone.

"Yes," said Caleb.

"I wonder where he got those trucks."

"You can buy enough of them down in Dock Square," said a voice behind them.

They both looked around, and saw a small boy standing just outside of the Mall, upon the sidewalk next the street. He was leaning one arm upon a crutch, and the other upon one of the iron posts which are placed

in a row across the passage way which leads into the Common. These posts are placed so far apart as to allow men and boys to pass between them very easily ; but horses cannot get through. So they form a sort of gateway, always open to those who were on foot, and always shut to those who are riding.

"What do they ask for them ?" said Caleb.

"I believe about four and sixpence," said the boy.

"But those are not painted," said Caleb.

"No; but you can get them painted. My father will paint them for you ; he is a painter."

"How much do you think he would ask ?" said Caleb.

"About half a dollar," said the boy.

This boy had a very mild and pleasant expression of countenance, though he looked pale and feeble. His tone of voice, too, was gentle and kind, and both Dwight and Caleb liked him as much as they had disliked the other boy. They asked him what his name was, and he said it was Janson. He also told them what his father's name was, and where his shop was ; and Dwight determined to go in at once, and ask Mary Anna to give him

money enough to buy a pair of trucks. He concluded to give up the idea of a bonfire.

As the boys turned to go into the house, they saw Mary Anna sitting at the window. It was a very warm, sunny day, although it was rather late in the season; and Mary Anna had opened her window, and so she had heard all the conversation which the boys had held with both their visitors.

"Well, boys," said she, as they came up towards the steps, "you have had company, I see."

"Yes, — and one fellow cross enough."

"I hope you'll learn a good lesson from what they said," said Mary Anna.

"What lesson?" said Dwight. "Not to build fires on Boston Common?"

"No," said Mary Anna, "something more important than that, — to be kind and polite in speaking to strangers. Little Janson gives pleasure to every one that he speaks to. He is gentle and polite. He looks pleasant, though he looks feeble and sick. But the other boy was rough and coarse, and harsh; and he gives a little pain to almost every body he speaks to, — at least, I should think he would."

The boys stood leaning upon the iron palisades, before Mary Anna's window, thinking that what she said was very reasonable and true.

"Now consider, Dwight," said she, "suppose that great boy should live forty years, and during all that time, as he goes about the world, and is continually meeting people, and talking with them, and makes each one feel a little uncomfortably and unpleasantly, what a vast amount of pain he will produce in all that time. And then little Janson, if he lives as long, and sees and speaks to as many people, and gives each one a little pleasure, what a vast amount of enjoyment he will produce in all that time. He will produce enjoyment, too, just as easily as the other boy does suffering."

"So he will," said Caleb. "I mean to try and speak pleasantly all the time — don't you, Dwight?"

"Yes," said Dwight; "I will."

"And then besides," continued Mary Anna, "such persons are altogether more beloved. You like Janson now, I have no doubt, much more than you do the other boy."

"I don't like the other boy at all," said Caleb.

"And yet what he said was more important to you than what Janson said."

"How?" said Dwight.

"Why, he meant that the police officers would take you and lock you up in the watch-house, which is a little sort of prison, if you should build a fire on the Common."

"Why?" said Dwight.

"I suppose it is against the law," said Mary Anna.

"Well," said Dwight, turning away from the fence, "Boston is no great place for bonfires, at any rate, though it is so famous. There is nothing here combustible but leaves, and them they won't let you burn.

"But, Marianne," he continued, turning around again towards her, "will you give us some money to buy us some trucks?"

Mary Anna thought she could not. Her mother had not given her much money, and she did not feel authorized to expend any except for necessaries. So Caleb went in to ask his mother for some. She said she had none in the house, but he might go down

with Dwight to his father's store on Long Wharf, if he pleased, and ask *him*.

This plan pleased both the boys extremely; they liked the idea of a walk down to the wharf very much.

"Let us go down the back way," said Dwight, as they came down the front stairs.

"Well," said Caleb; and he followed Dwight to the back part of the entry. Here they went down a short flight of stairs, and came out into a pleasant little yard surrounded by a very high wall. On one side of the yard was a wood-house, with a door leading into it from the yard, and an old man was at work there, sawing wood. A pavement of round stones covered the middle of the yard; but around the sides there was a border, filled with small trees and shrubbery, and vines which climbed up upon neat trellises, that were attached to the walls.

"What a stony yard!" said Dwight. "If I lived here, I would pry the stones all up."

"You could not pry them up," said Caleb.

"Yes, I could, — with a crowbar."

"Ho!" said Caleb, "you could not *lift* a crowbar."

Dwight was on the point of flatly contradicting Caleb, by saying that he *could* lift a crowbar; but then he remembered the determination they had just formed to be kind and gentle in their conversation, and so he restrained himself.

He paused a moment, and then said, as they were passing along towards the back gate,

"Caleb, you shouldn't say that I *can't* lift a crowbar."

"Why not?" said Caleb.

"Because it is not polite. Besides you don't *know* certainly."

"I don't *think* you can," said Caleb.

"Then you ought to say you don't *think*. I didn't mean a great, heavy crowbar. I mean our gun-barrel crowbar."

He meant a small crowbar which his mother had made for him, out of an old gun-barrel, with a solid steel point screwed in at the big end.

At this moment they came to the back gate, which was open. It led to a narrow street which ran along in the rear of the houses. Just as the boys were going out,

they encountered the wheel of a wheelbarrow coming in. The wheelbarrow was loaded with wood, and a man was wheeling it in, from the street, — where there lay quite a pile of wood which had been dropped there by a cart.

The man was coarsely dressed. He had on a red shirt, with no coat or waistcoat over it, and a cloth cap on his head. He called out, in a very loud and harsh voice, to the boys to get out of the way.

Caleb and Dwight both moved back, and stood on one side, until the man had passed. Then they passed out. The pile of wood lay in a confused heap just between the street and the sidewalk. It consisted principally of logs, and large split sticks; but there were a number of small sticks upon the top, some straight and some crooked; and a few had fallen over upon the side walk, right in the way where the boys were going along.

"O, what real hawky wood!" said Caleb.

"Hawky wood!" said Dwight; "what do you mean by hawky wood?"

"Why, to make hawkies of," said Caleb.

But Dwight did not know what hawkies were; so he was no wiser than before.

Now, a hawky is a small, round stick, about as long as a man's cane, with a crook in the lower end, so that a boy can hit balls and little stones with it, when lying upon the ground. A good hawky is a great prize to a Boston boy.

So Dwight and Caleb began to overhaul the sticks, to select some good ones for hawkies. They had just made up their minds, and had each chosen a first-rate stick, when they heard the wheelbarrow trundling along out of the yard again. As soon as the man came in sight, he called out in the same voice as before,

"Here — here — here! away with you, boys! and let my wood alone."

Caleb and Dwight retreated very precipitately towards the middle of the street, each, however, holding on to his hawky stick.

"It is not *your* wood," said Caleb.

"Whose is it, then?" said the red shirt.

"It is my father's wood."

"Well, it is in my *care*," replied the man,

"and that is all the same thing; and I am not going to have you running off with it."

Caleb and Dwight looked at each other without speaking. They did not know exactly what to do. Caleb knew very well that his father would be perfectly willing that he should have the hawkies; but then what the man said was obviously true. The property was, for the time, committed to his care; and even if he was unreasonable in not being willing that Caleb and Dwight should have the sticks, yet still as he *was* unwilling, and as the sticks were properly under his charge, the boys would have done wrong to have taken them.

After reflecting a minute or two, Dwight saw more and more clearly that the man really had authority over the wood, and that he and Caleb ought not to resist it, and he was on the point of tossing his hawky stick angrily over upon the pile again, and the words "Give him his old sticks — I don't want them," were actually on his tongue; when suddenly he remembered his resolution to be polite. It was very hard to be polite to so cross and crabbed a man; but the recollection

of his resolution restrained him. So he quietly walked back, followed by Caleb, and they both gently laid down the hawky sticks upon the pile again.

This was quite a victory over bad passions, though it was pretty much external, after all; for, though the boys acted right, they did not feel very pleasantly. But it is a great thing, nevertheless, to restrain even the outward conduct; a victory there, prepares the way for a victory over the heart, — that is, if the person wishes to get the victory over the bad feelings of his heart. If a boy tries to make his outward conduct right for the sake of appearances, while he does not care any thing about the state of his heart, then his outward improvement will do him but very little good. But if he wishes that the improvement should be thorough and complete, then right conduct will help him very much in cultivating right feelings.

At any rate, it was so here. Dwight did not feel very pleasantly, but he was determined to *act* right; so he brought the hawky stick back, and put it upon the pile, without saying any impatient or fretful words to

the laborer. In the mean time, the man had loaded his wheelbarrow again, and had put on one or two very large logs, so that the load was unusually heavy, and as he trundled it along, and came to the edge of the sidewalk, the wheel jounced against the curb stone, which formed the edge, and would not go up. The little board which he had placed to go up upon, had got knocked away.

"Stop!" said Dwight in an instant, as soon as he saw how the case stood, "hold steady a minute, and I will fix the board for you."

So saying, while the laborer drew back his wheel, Dwight carefully adjusted the board, with one end upon the pavement of the street, and the other, square upon the curb stone. The wheelbarrow went up easily, and then moved on with a lumbering sound into the yard, and disappeared; the laborer staggering along after it, as if it was very heavy, but not saying a word. He did not even thank Dwight for fixing up his board.

But though he did not say any thing, he could not help feeling a little ashamed of having been so unaccommodating and uncivil

to a boy who, after all, had showed himself a good and kind-hearted boy. If Dwight had spoken harshly to him in reply, he would probably have not been sorry at all for having refused to have given him the hawkies; but as it was, since the boys had kept their tempers, and returned him good for evil, he felt rather ashamed, and, as he wheeled his load of wood through the yard, he determined that, when he went back, he would give the boys the hawkies. So he tumbled off his wood near where the old man was sawing, and hastened back to tell the boys that they might have the hawkies. But, when he got to the gate, the boys had gone.

He was then very sorry that he had not told them before; but it was too late to help it now, and so he determined to fix the hawkies for them as well as he could, and keep them ready to give to the boys as soon as they should return. He borrowed the old man's axe, and chopped them off neatly at the right length, and carefully smoothed them, removing all the knots; and with his jackknife, he scraped off all the roughness of the bark

along at the upper end, for a handle. When finished, they made a couple of very superior hawkies indeed. He laid them away upon the top of the wall, which was higher than his head, intending to keep them safely there until the boys should return.

CHAPTER III.

A CITY WALK.

Dwight and Caleb hastened on, after they had helped the laborer get his wheelbarrow up upon the sidewalk, because they thought that as they had already lost some time, they had better go on rapidly, or else they thought that they should not have time enough to buy their trucks before dinner. So, before the laborer came back to tell them that they might have their hawkies, they had turned around a corner, and disappeared. They walked along through one street after another; Caleb leading the way, and telling Dwight the names of the streets as they passed on. Some of the streets had great blocks of handsome houses on each side of the way, with iron fences and brick sidewalks, — and the whole breadth of the street between the sidewalks paved with stones. It looked very strange to Dwight to see the whole surface of

the ground so entirely covered, and bound up, as it were, tight with brick and stone. He had been accustomed to broad, open roads, with green banks at the sides of them, and trees and bushes growing in abundance around. But here, not a blade of grass was to be seen. The brick sidewalk came up close to the very walls of the houses, and the pavement of the street extended to the edge of the sidewalk. Even the little yards, wherever he could get an opportunity to look in through an open gate, were covered with a firm and compact pavement. But Dwight admired the lofty height and magnificence of the houses, and the splendor of the curtains which he saw through the windows. It is true, his brother's house was furnished as richly and handsomely as any one he saw; but then he was surprised at the vast number of elegant habitations. Long lines of them stretched on, through street after street, almost endlessly.

Then, there were the shops, with their great windows, and the display of goods of every variety, through the great panes of glass, and at the doors. The boys stopped

before the fancy shops, and toy shops, and bookstores, looking at the various objects exposed there for sale, with great admiration. Dwight saw crowds of people too, who were passing to and fro upon the sidewalk; and carriages, and carts, and long omnibuses, with doors behind, rumbled through the streets, making a thundering noise, which sometimes almost prevented his hearing a word that Caleb said.

At length, they came into streets of a different kind; the buildings were all great stores, with signs over the doors, but with very few goods at the windows. Handcarts and long-tailed trucks stood by the sidewalks, or lumbered heavily along, loaded with boxes, bales, or barrels. Groups of coarse-looking men stood at the corners of the streets, with white frocks over them, and whips in their hands. Caleb said they were truckmen. At a distance, too, still farther, the boys, now and then, got a glimpse, between the ranges of tall brick stores and warehouses, of the masts and spars of the vessels which lay at the wharves.

At length, they reached what appeared to

Dwight the most curious street he had ever seen. There was a range of brick buildings upon one side, and of ships and vessels of every kind upon the other, — while trucks, carts, and wagons of every sort almost filled up the space between. Dwight said it was a street of ships.

"It is Long Wharf," said Caleb.

"Long Wharf!" said Dwight; "this is not a wharf."

Caleb insisted that it was. He said the ground was all built out, artificially, into the sea, and then the brick stores and warehouses were built upon it. For proof of this, Caleb showed him the water all along the side of the wharf, where the ships were lying; and then took him to the edge, and let him see the long *piles* which had been driven down, into the mud, at the bottom. A short distance across the water, on the same side, Caleb showed him another wharf very much like this, which was also built out like a long street into the sea, and which, like Long Wharf, had a range of brick stores along the middle of it, and ships at the side.

The boys walked on near the edge of the

wharf that was towards the vessels. They were very much interested in reading the names upon the sterns of the ships, brigs, and schooners; and the great signs which hung up in the rigging, informing all who might pass by, where the several vessels were going. One was marked to sail to Philadelphia, another to New York, and another to the West Indies.

When they had got about half way down the wharf, their farther progress was interrupted by a large number of hogsheads, which covered the broad platform, that extended along there, like a sort of sidewalk. The bungs of these hogsheads were out, and a man was walking along with a long wooden rod in his hand, which he thrust down into the bung-holes, and then drew it up again immediately, all covered with molasses. He then would touch his finger to the middle of the stick, and taste of the molasses. So he walked along from hogshead to hogshead, tasting the molasses in every one, as if he was trying it to see if it was good. The boys watched him a few minutes, and then walked around the hogsheads, and went on.

They came, at length, down to the end of the wharf. There was a sort of pier built across the end, like the Y part of their mole at Madam Rachel's, as is described in the book called "CALEB IN THE COUNTRY;" only it was built straight across. Immense ships were lying along the front of this pier, and at the ends of it. The hulls of the ships rose up very high above the wharf, so high that the boys could not see over them at all. Great piles of iron bars were lying upon the wharf near them, and several men were at work taking out more bars of iron from one of the ships. They pushed them down a platform made of planks, and which extended down from the ship to the wharf, and then threw them down upon the pile, where they fell with a very heavy, clanking sound.

At last, the boys found a place where they could look off to the harbor. Merchant vessels, small and great, were lying at anchor in it, in various places. Here and there a boat, rowed by a man or a boy, glided along over the water; and off at a distance before them, was a vessel of war, which the boys knew to be such, by the range of black ports running along

her side. There was a steamboat, too, just coming in, with a long cloud of smoke for a streamer.

While they were looking at the vessel of war, they heard a noise as of oars close by them, upon one side. They could not see very plainly at first, for a great English ship, which was lying at that part of the wharf, was in the way. In a few minutes, however, a long, narrow boat gradually emerged into view. It was handsomely painted in black and white stripes. A great many oars extended into the water on each side, and they moved with such perfect regularity, and dipped into the water with so measured and simultaneous a sound, that the whole seemed to the boys like a machine.

An officer sat in the stern of the boat steering. He guided her towards the vessel of war, and the boat shot through the water like an arrow, leaving a wake of troubled waters behind. The boys watched it as it gradually receded, and the sound of the oars died away in the distance, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a new apparition, which advanced into view, in a moment, right before them.

It was a large schooner-rigged sail-boat, just setting off on a cruise. There was a large party of young men seated in her, and her tall, white sails were just catching the wind. She glided along before the boys, from right to left, so near that Dwight said he could almost jump in; and for a moment she cut off all their view. She soon passed, however, and was hid by the shipping; and a few minutes afterwards they saw her again, out much farther, standing back from left to right, on the other tack, as she was beating out of the harbor.

Among the various objects which attracted the boys' attention, Caleb, at length, asked Dwight to look at a small boat with a man and a boy in it, which was coming towards them. The man was rowing; the boy sat in the stern, holding the tiller. As they advanced, the boys saw fish in the bottom of the boat, and then they supposed it was a fisherman and his son, who had probably been out a-fishing. They came on towards the shore, and soon glided in among the shipping, and disappeared.

Caleb said it was time for them to go; but

Dwight wanted to stay longer, and look at the vessels and boats which were moving about the harbor. Caleb, however, insisted that they ought to go. "My father," he said, "is not willing to have me stay here very long without his leave. He lets me come down here a few minutes, whenever I want to; but if we want to stay long, I must ask him."

Dwight yielded, and the boys concluded to go. They rose from their seat, which was upon the stem of an immense anchor that was lying upon the wharf, and turned away from the water. They saw before them, at a little distance, round by another corner of the wharf, a group of boys fishing. They were close to the edge of the wharf. Some were standing upon a great timber which extended along and formed the edge, and others were sitting upon it, with their feet dangling down over the edge towards the water.

"O, let us go and see if those boys have caught any fish," said Dwight.

"No," said Caleb, "we must not go there.

My father does not allow me to go to the edge."

"O, we shall not fall off, any more than those boys," said Dwight.

"No matter," said Caleb, holding Dwight back; "you must not go."

"Well," said Dwight, "I won't." And he followed Caleb along where he was going. Caleb led him to the back side of the row of stores which extended down the wharf; and just as they turned the corner of the building, they came suddenly upon a number of men, some sitting down, and some leaning against the building. As soon as the boys came into view, several of them immediately arose, and called out together,

"Want a boat, boys? Want a boat?"

"No," said Caleb, promptly. He had often been accosted so before.

Dwight looked down into the water, for on this side of the wharf the water came very near to the stores. There was only a plank walk between, and this was not very wide. Dwight could easily look down from it to the water; and he saw lying there several beautiful little sail-boats, all ready to carry

any body out who might want to hire them. The boys, however, of course, did not want to hire them; and so they passed on. They did not like this side of the wharf so well as they did the other. The walk was narrow, and the vessels lying there were small and dirty. Some were loaded with salt, and some with fish. The boys accordingly soon passed through, under a sort of archway, to the other side; and walking along the side-walk, close to the stores, they soon came to Caleb's father's store.

"Is *this* your father's store?" said Dwight, in a tone of great surprise and disappointment, as they stood before the door.

The reason of Dwight's surprise was that the store was an old, dark, dirty-looking place, and he did not see any thing to sell, but old barrels. There was one great door in front, and a dingy-looking window by the side of it. There was a truck in the street, with its long tail, as Dwight called it, backed up to the door. There was a long row of barrels upon it, and a man stood at the end, rolling one of the barrels off from the bars into the door. As he moved this one away,

all the rest came rolling down a little way, so as to bring the one next above, to the place where this one had been, ready to be rolled off in its turn. And thus, one by one, all the barrels were rolled in, the rest following regularly down, as fast as those next the door were removed. Dwight thought that, at any rate, the long-tailed trucks were a handy contrivance in respect to loading and unloading.

While this process was going on, Dwight and Caleb could not very well get into the store. It is true, there was room enough by the side of the barrels, and men and boys occasionally passed in and out, while the load was going in; but Dwight was afraid that the barrels might possibly roll upon him, and break his legs. So they waited patiently until the trucks were unloaded; and then the cartman hitched the trace of his leader again, and by loud words of command, ordered him round into his place; and then, taking his seat sideways, just before the wheel, his legs dangling down towards the pavement, he started his horses off upon a

round trot, down the wharf, the heavy wheels thundering over the pavement with a terrific noise. The horses were arranged *tandem*, that is, one before the other, and the truckman had no reins, but he guided them easily through the narrow openings among the other carts and trucks upon the wharf, by his loud shouts.

The trucks disappeared, in a few minutes, round a corner — the long, heavy bars, which extended out behind, sweeping round in a great circle as it turned ; and then Dwight and Caleb went into the store.

There was no counter, nor any shelves of goods, as Dwight had expected. In fact, there seemed to be nothing at all to sell. When they entered the door, the boys found themselves in a small space, fenced off from all the back part of the store, by a sort of open partition, formed of wooden bars, with a door, or rather gate, of the same. A man in a green apron was just locking this door. They could see, however, between the bars, to the back part of the store, and it looked like nothing but a cellar. The floor was

black, and there was nothing to be seen but piles of great, heavy boxes and barrels.

"Is father up in the counting-room, James?" said Caleb to the man in the green apron.

"Yes," replied the man, "I believe he is;" and the boys passed by him, turning to the left, up a broad, but black-looking staircase, which led up from that corner.

They came up into a spacious chamber, which looked scarcely more inviting than the room below. It was filled with bales and boxes, which were in some places piled up to the very ceiling. In one place was a great heap of square bags. Caleb said they were bags of coffee. In one corner, upon the front side, was a small room partitioned off, with a window towards the stairs where the boys had come up; and Dwight could see, through the window, the heads of men who were standing at a high desk, writing in enormous books.

Dwight hung back, timidly; but Caleb pushed boldly on, and opened the counting-room door. Dwight followed him. They

entered a very pleasant-looking room, with two large windows opening towards the street. Near these windows stood a high desk, very large, sloping each way, and its end standing towards the wall, between the windows. Several men were writing at it, some on each side. There was a kind of rack, or frame, extending along upon the top, with places for books, which were filled with ponderous account-books of all shapes. There were several arm-chairs about the room, with stuffed leather seats, and one or two high three-legged stools, standing near the great desk. There was a small fireplace, though there was no fire in it; and by the side of it was a small desk, where Caleb's father was sitting, looking at some papers. There was a man standing near him, talking with him; so Caleb went up pretty near, but did not speak. Dwight, in the mean time, amused himself by looking at a great map, which was hanging against the back wall of the counting-room.

For a minute or two, nothing was said. At length, Caleb's father looked up from his work, and said aloud,

"Mr. Williams, what is the amount of that invoice?"

"Five hundred and sixty-eight, forty-eight," said a man at the desk, with a pen stuck behind his ear.

"Ah, boys," said the merchant, as his eye fell upon them, "I'm happy to see you; but you must wait a few minutes: even my heaviest customers have to take their turn."

So saying, he turned again to his desk, and busied himself with his accounts; talking in a low voice to the gentleman who was near.

Just at this moment, another gentleman opened the counting-room door, and called out,

"Mr. Leger, are you drawing on New York about these days?"

"No, sir," said the merchant, without looking up; "New York is drawing on me, — I am sorry to say."

The stranger shut the door, and disappeared.

In a minute or two, the merchant laid

down the pen with which he had been figuring, and said,

"Then, sir, you want four hundred and sixty-three dollars, and twenty-eight cents."

Dwight turned round immediately at these words; he thought he should like to see all that money counted out. He expected to see his brother go to a great black iron door, which was built into the wall on one side of the fireplace, and take out bags of dollars; but instead of that, he only said, as he rose from his seat,

"Mr. Williams, will you be good enough to draw a check? — four hundred sixty-three, twenty-eight. Well, Dwight," he then said, turning to the boys, "how do you like the looks of Long Wharf?"

"Very well," said Dwight.

In a moment, Mr. Williams brought Caleb's father a small piece of printed paper, and a pen; and he took it, wrote his name at the bottom of it, and then handed it to the other man. He put it into his pocket-book, and went away.

As he opened the door to pass out,

another man came in with a great pocket-book under his arm. He handed Mr. Leger a little note; at least Dwight thought it was a note, though it seemed to be a small printed paper, only folded over once. His brother took it, without opening it, and laid it in a little pigeon-hole in his desk.

"Seems to me, if I was a merchant, and people sent me notes, I should read 'em," said Dwight.

"Very true," said Mr. Leger, as he sat down in his chair again, and drew Caleb and Dwight up to him. "That is a good general rule," he said, smiling; "but you must know that we merchants get some notes that we don't like to see very well; so we tuck them away into pigeon-holes."

Here one of the clerks came up to him with an open letter in his hand, and said,

"Did you decide, sir, about that sugar?"

"O no," said he; "did they send a sample?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; and he handed him a small paper parcel, which Mr. Leger opened, and found it filled with little lumps

of white sugar. He tasted of it, looked at it, and then said, "Yes, — that will do: you may write him that I will take the whole lot."

Then he folded up the paper again, and handed it to Dwight. "There," said he, "you and Caleb examine that sample of sugar as you go along home, and let me know your opinion of it, next time I see you. And now for your business. — I suppose you have some important business with me; — hey, Caleb?"

Caleb told his story about the trucks, and ended by asking for about a dollar, to buy a pair with.

"Will a dollar be enough?" said the merchant.

"Yes," said Caleb, "a dollar or two half dollars — just the same."

"True," said his father, "that is pretty much the same; but I suppose you will want to take the trucks with you into the country, Dwight, on the top of the stage, and so you must have a first-rate article."

"Yes," said Dwight. "But I think we can get a good pair for a dollar. The price

is seventy-five cents, and we want to get them painted; but then I think I can beat him down some."

"No, Dwight, I would not beat him down," said the merchant. "I'll give you a dollar and a quarter, and let him have his profits. I want my profits, and I am willing other people should have theirs."

"Suppose we have some money over?" said Dwight.

"There *will* be a difficulty there. If you have too much, I don't know what you *will* do; but you can look at the shops as you go along, and if you can't find any thing to buy with it, you can pay it back to me, you know, at dinner time."

"Then we may buy any thing we please with the rest?" said Caleb.

"Yes;— with the whole;— you may do what you please with the whole; only decide judiciously."

Here the door opened, and a lad came in, bringing some letters and papers.

"Steamboat mail just in, Charles?" said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," said Charles; "they had a thick fog last night on the Sound."

Mr. Leger took the letters and papers from the boy, and then gave him a small blue book, which was lying upon the desk, with the ends of a bundle of bank bills projecting a little beyond the leaves. The boy took the book without saying any thing, and went out.

"Where is Charles going with that money?" said Dwight.

"He is going to State Street, to make a deposit," said his brother.

Dwight did not know what that meant; but he perceived that his brother's time was a good deal occupied, and he and Caleb thought it was best for them to go. Besides, he was in haste to buy his trucks.

The boys walked along up the wharf, eating the white lumps of sugar; though they soon found it inconvenient, as they were jostled by the people upon the side-walk, who were passing to and fro. So they folded up the paper, and concluded to keep the rest until they got home.

"What a fine time we will have playing

with the trucks this winter, if I come up!" said Caleb.

"Yes, — only we can't use them very well in winter," said Dwight; "the snow will be too deep."

"So it will," said Caleb.

They walked along a minute or two in silence.

"There is another difficulty," said Caleb, at length.

"What?" said Dwight.

"You are going to set off in the stage to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"Yes," said Dwight.

"Then how are we going to get the paint dry, upon the trucks?"

This was a very serious difficulty. Dwight did not know what to say.

At length, he said, in a tone of voice expressive of great interest,

"Caleb!"

"What?" said Caleb.

"Why could not Raymond make a pair of trucks like those? He can make beautiful hand-sleds."

"O, he does not know how to make trucks," said Caleb. "He never saw any."

"But I can tell him how. I can draw the shape of them on a paper, and carry it home."

"Then what shall we do with our money?" said Caleb.

"O, we can buy something else with it," said Dwight; "we can find something or other."

CHAPTER IV.

BUYING AT AUCTION.

Just at this moment, the boys came to a place where a great red flag was hanging down from a pole, which projected from the upper window of a store, on a corner, between two streets; and a great many people were standing in the store below. One man was perched up upon some high place in the store, so that he was entirely above all the rest; and he was talking away as fast as he could talk, and in a very loud voice.

"It is an *auction*," said Caleb. "Let us go and see what they have got to sell."

The boys stepped inside of the door, Dwight looking up very intently at the auctioneer. He had a paper in his hand, and a little ivory mallet, and was saying, as the boys came in,

"Mr. Blake takes one, and Mr. Jones one."

Then turning his paper over, and looking upon both sides, he said,

"Well, gentlemen, I believe we have got through with these articles. Now here are some shrubbery and some raspberry vines."

The crowd moved away a little, turning towards a row of curious-looking packages, which were leaning up against the wall of the room. They were enclosed in straw, and were of a conical shape, — big at the bottom, and coming up to a point at the top, with a strong but coarse kind of cord tied around them, all along from top to bottom.

"Now, James," said the auctioneer, "hold up one of those bundles."

A man, who had been busy arranging the bundles, now took up one, and held it up high, so that all could see. Dwight and Caleb, however, happened to be standing so near that they could see without this.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "these bundles contain fifty canes each of the Antwerp raspberries, — a first rate variety, as you all know. What shall I have for them? One cent a plant is bid, one cent; —

a cent and a half, a cent and a half; — two cents, two cents. Gentlemen, they are worth double the money. See how they are put up. You can transport them to any distance, and set them out this fall, or let them lie in your cellar till spring, and put them out then; — warranted to bear the first year."

"I wish I had a bundle of them," said Dwight to Caleb, in a whisper.

"Two cents is bid," continued the auctioneer; "two cents and a half."

"Two cents a piece for fifty," said Dwight, "is a dollar; and a half a cent is twenty-five cents; — makes a dollar and a quarter; just what we have got. Let us buy a bundle, Caleb."

"Three cents," said a man who was standing near to Caleb.

"Three cents," said the auctioneer, "three cents; is that all, gentlemen? three cents, one or the whole."

"That makes more than we have got," said Caleb.

"Gone," said the auctioneer, "to Mr. Jones, at three cents. How many do you take, Mr. Jones?"

"Two bundles," said Mr. Jones.

"Well, now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there are a few bundles more; who takes them at three cents?"

Nobody answered; at length a man said he would give *two* cents for a bundle of them.

"Well, gentlemen, start them at two cents."

"Now let me bid," said Dwight.

"Would you?" said Caleb.

"Two cents," said the auctioneer, "two cents; — bid quick, gentlemen. Antwerp raspberries, assorted, — red and white."

"Yes," said Dwight, in a hurried tone, "I would; and we will plant them in a row, and you and I own them together."

"Well," said Caleb.

"Two cents and a half," said Dwight.

"Two cents, two cents," said the auctioneer; for Dwight had spoken so faintly, that he did not hear his bid.

"Two cents and a half was bid here," said a man who was standing near Dwight and Caleb.

"Two cents and a half is bid; is that all,

gentlemen? Once, twice, three times. Gone, — to whom?"

Dwight was so confounded at the novelty of his situation, that he did not know what to say.

"What name?" said the auctioneer.

"What is your name?" repeated the man next to Dwight, hunching him with his elbow.

"Dwight," said he.

"Dwight," repeated the man in a louder tone.

"Mr. Dwight," said the auctioneer in a louder voice still, "takes one at two and a half cents."

He spoke to a clerk who was at a desk in an enclosed place behind him, keeping an account of the sale. The clerk wrote down in his great book,

"Mr. Dwight, 1 package — 2½ cents."

The auctioneer then went on as fast as possible, selling the rest of his packages.

The question then was, how and when Dwight could pay for his package, and he asked Caleb if he knew how; but Caleb said

he did not know any thing about it. Dwight then thought he had better ask some of the men that belonged to the store; and so he went up to James, watching an opportunity when he seemed disengaged for a moment, and said,

"When shall I pay for mine?"

"O, you can come this afternoon any time; or — stop; have you got the money here now?"

"Yes, sir," said Dwight.

"Well," said he, "come along with me then."

So he stepped back through the crowd, Dwight and Caleb following him; and he took Dwight's money, and passed it, through a sort of balustrade, to the clerk, saying,

"Mark this boy's package paid and delivered."

"What name?" said the clerk.

"Dwight," said James.

Then they returned, and Dwight took his package; and he and Caleb lugged it off out the door. It was pretty heavy, but they succeeded in getting it safely home.

These raspberries safely reached Madam

Rachel's garden, and were set out in a double row, and bore a great number of large, sweet raspberries the next year. The roots spread, too, and so the plants were multiplied, and every year produced abundance of fruit, which Caleb and Dwight continued to gather year after year.

CHAPTER V.

SABBATH MORNING.

On the Sabbath after Dwight and Mary Anna had gone home, Caleb wanted to go to Sabbath School. It had been decided that he was to go back to Madam Rachel, his grandmother, to spend the winter, after being a few weeks at home, and his mother asked him if he thought it was worth while for him to go to Sabbath School for so short a time.

He thought it was. The superintendent, he said, always told them that he liked to have a boy come, even if he was going to be in town only one single Sabbath. So his mother told him that he might go.

"Can you find your way alone?" said she.

"O, yes, mother — it is very near."

It was a very warm and pleasant morning, almost like summer; and when Caleb had got ready, he found it was half an hour before the

time for the first bell to ring, when it would be time for him to go. So he got a book to read, and went and took his seat by a window at the back parlor, where the sun was shining in very pleasantly. The window was open, and the air was calm, and Caleb enjoyed sitting there very much.

Presently, the door opened slowly, and a little girl, about three years old, came into the room. It was Caleb's sister Mary. She had a pretty large book under her arm.

"Ah, Mary," said Caleb, "you must not have that book; — that is too large a book for you;" and he went towards her, and began to take it from her.

But Mary was unwilling to let him have it. She struggled, and turned away.

"Give it to me, Mary," said Caleb.

"No," said Mary, "it is my book."

Caleb recollected that it would be wrong for him to use any violence to his little sister, and so he let go, and went up stairs and told his mother that Mary had got a large and valuable book.

"What book is it?" said his mother.

"I don't know," said Caleb; "but it is a

pretty large book, with handsome covers, and pictures on the covers."

"O," said his mother, "it is the Sabbath picture book, which her aunt Mary Anna gave her. Haven't you seen it?"

"No," said Caleb; "has she ever had it before?"

"No," replied his mother; "her aunt said she never must have it, except on Sabbath days."

Caleb thought this was very singular; but he was now eager to see the book, and so he went down stairs again. He found Mary seated on a cricket, with her book open before her, in her lap.

As soon, however, as she saw Caleb coming, she shut the book and held it tight under her arm. She was afraid that Caleb was going to take it away.

"I am not going to take it away from you, Mary," said he; "I did not know that it was *your* book."

But Mary still looked afraid.

"Come, Mary," said he, again; "come here to the window, and sit in my lap, and I will show you the pictures."

By *showing* her the pictures he meant that he would explain them to her, and talk about them.

"No," said Mary, shaking her head, "I had rather look at them myself."

"O dear me!" said Caleb; "what shall I do?"

He wanted to see the book very much indeed; but yet he would not use any violence, and he did not know how to get it without.

He went and sat down by the window, and then Mary opened her book again, and began to look at the pictures.

"Are there pictures in your book, Mary?" said Caleb.

"Yes," said Mary.

"What pictures?"

"Why — here is a picture of a dog," said Mary.

"Well, you bring it here, and sit up in my lap, and I will tell you all about the dog."

"No," said Mary, "I'd rather see it myself."

When Caleb was a year or two younger, he used in such cases as this to go and try to take the book away from Mary, not indeed by

open force, but gently, and trying all the time to persuade her to give it to him. But his mother had taught him that this was wrong; and so now, when he wanted any thing that Mary had, he relied altogether upon his powers of persuasion. He accordingly, after going and taking his seat by the window, began to look out to see if he could not find any thing there which Mary would like to see. If he did, he meant to try to entice her to come and sit with him; and then he thought he could gradually get her to let him see the book.

"O Mary," said he, presently, with a voice of great apparent interest, "O come here, and see all the chimneys: — there are ever so many chimneys, and smoke coming out of some of them."

"No," said Mary, "I'd rather see my book."

She remained motionless upon her cricket, slowly turning over the leaves.

"And there are some doves upon the top of that house," continued Caleb.

Mary remained silent and motionless as before.

"Now they have flown away," said Caleb.

Mary looked up a moment, instinctively, and then returned her eyes to her book again.

Caleb perceived that he was making a little impression, and he was encouraged.

"O Mary," he called out again, more eagerly than before, "here is a cat!"

"A cat upon the top of the house!" he continued, after a moment's pause.

Mary looked up again, but did not rise.

"Now she is creeping along upon a spout. She is looking down over — there, she is going to jump. I verily believe she is going to jump."

"Where? where?" said Mary, starting up, and running to Caleb, with her book under her arm.

"There," said Caleb, taking hold of Mary's arms, and springing her up into his lap; "there, on the top of that stable. See! see!"

Mary got to the place just in time to see the cat leap down to the roof of a shed many feet below the place where she had been standing. She walked along the roof of the

shed, and entered an open window, and disappeared.

"Mary," said Caleb, "let us look into your book, and see if we can't find a picture of a cat there."

"Well," said Mary.

So Caleb opened the book, and looked for a few minutes after the picture of a cat. But he could not find any. Then he began to talk to Mary about the other pictures, and to read the little hymns and verses. There were a great many little hymns pasted into the book; and short and easy verses from the Bible, which Mary Anna had printed in the blank spaces with a pen. It was a beautiful book, and Caleb enjoyed looking at it very much indeed.

At length, however, Mary herself seemed to be a little tired of it, and began once more looking out of the window. Caleb was still examining the pictures, and reading the hymns.

Presently, Mary slipped down out of his lap, leaving the book with her brother. She folded her arms upon the window, and rested her chin upon her arms, and in this position stood for some time, looking at the various

objects around. At a little distance, nearly opposite to her, there was a window open, and she could see into the room. There was a woman there, sweeping. She watched her a few minutes, and presently after she had done sweeping the room, she came and shut the window, and then went away.

Mary then heard a rattling in the street. It was a retired back street, behind the house, and there was usually but little passing in it; so Mary wondered what could be coming. While waiting for it to come into view, her eye fell upon something strange lying upon the top of the wall at the back of the yard. But that instant the sound of the coming wheels grew suddenly louder, and a milk-cart came into view, with its uncouth-shaped top, and its rows of bright tin cans, before the driver. The horse trotted swiftly by, and Mary then said,

"Caleb, what is that on the wall?"

"On what wall?" said Caleb, still looking upon his book.

"Why, down there," said Mary.

Caleb looked down.

"Why, what are they?" said he. "Two

sticks. Two hawkies! capital good hawkies, too. I wonder who put them there?

"I mean to go and get them," continued he, after a moment's pause.

"Why, they are not yours," said Mary; "are they?"

"Why, no," said Caleb; "but they are in my father's yard, and I mean to go and get them."

So Caleb laid Mary's Sabbath book down upon the chair, and ran off down the back stairs to the basement story, and thence out into the yard. He stood under the wall, and looked up. It was so high that he could not reach the top. In fact, now he could not even see the hawkies.

"Well, I must go and get a chair," said Caleb.

Now it happened that there was a good woman who had lived at Caleb's mother's a number of years, to take care of the children. They called her Mrs. Wood. As Caleb went in at the back door, which was under a little piazza which extended along the back side of the house, he came into the entry, just as Mrs. Wood was coming out of the kitchen

with a small pitcher of water, which she was carrying up into the nursery, in one hand, and a lamp, not lighted, in the other.

"Well, Caleb," said Mrs. Wood, "do you want any thing that I can get you?"

"No," said Caleb, pushing on, "I only want a chair."

Mrs. Wood was very kind to the children, and was always doing them some little favors or other, and so she wished to know, now, whether she could help Caleb about what he wanted.

"What are you going to do with a chair?" said Mrs. Wood.

"O, I am going to get some hawkies off of the back wall."

"Some hawkies?" said Mrs. Wood; "well, first go up stairs before me, and open the doors — for my hands are full."

Caleb was very eager to get at his hawkies; but as Mrs. Wood had always been so kind to him, he could not refuse; so he ran along before her, and opened the doors, until at last they reached the nursery, which was in the third story.

When he had got to the nursery door,

and had opened that, Mrs. Wood asked him to go in a moment, for she wanted to speak to him.

So Caleb went in. It was a large room, with a high bed in one corner, and a trundle-bed under it. In another corner was a rocking horse, with a side-saddle upon it. There was a little desk by one of the windows, and in a recess, by the side of the fireplace, there stood a small mahogany case of shelves and drawers. It looked like a wardrobe, but was not so high. It contained Caleb and Mary's picture books, toys, and treasures. There was a little set of book shelves in one place, upon the wall, and various handsome pictures. The book shelves belonged to Mrs. Wood.

There was also a great arm chair, which belonged to Mrs. Wood. It stood near the window. It was quite broad and low, and Mrs. Wood used often to sit in it, and hold Mary and Caleb in her lap, and tell them stories.

When Mrs. Wood and Caleb had gone into the room, Caleb walked towards the chair. Mrs. Wood put her pitcher down upon the wash-stand, in one corner, and her

lamp upon the mantelpiece, and then came to Caleb.

"Well, Caleb," said she, "I am much obliged to you for coming up so pleasantly and opening the doors for me, — especially when you wanted to go and do something else; but I had another reason for asking you to come up."

"What?" said Caleb.

"Why, I wanted to advise you not to go and get the hawkies to-day."

"Why not?" said Caleb.

"Because," said she, "it is Sabbath day."

Caleb looked down a little, but did not reply.

"Do you think it would be right?"

"Why, I was only just going to take them down and bring them in, so that they would be safe. I was not going to play with them any," said Caleb.

"I know you would not play with them to-day; but if you go and take them down, and do any thing with them at all, it will get your thoughts occupied with them, and thus cause you to break the Sabbath."

Caleb had nothing to reply; but yet he

did not see clearly that there could be any great harm in just going and bringing in a couple of hawkies.

Mrs. Wood saw plainly that he was not convinced.

"The case is just this," said she: "God wishes us to set apart one day in seven for him; to give up all our work and all our play, and endeavor to improve our minds and hearts."

"But I am waiting for the bell to ring," said Caleb, "and then I am going to Sunday School; and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said Mrs. Wood, "you must do as you think best. I only thought I would tell you. If you could think of something which would be profitable to you or Mary, and if you should give up going after the hawkies, I know God, who looks down upon you, would be much pleased; and I think you would be happier all day, and all next week, for it. I have tried breaking the Sabbath a good many times, myself, and I find I never gain any thing by it. On the other hand, the more strictly I keep it, according to what I suppose to be God's command, the

more happy I feel, and the more prosperously I get along all the week. So I concluded that I would just tell you what I thought would be the best way for you, as you have often been so kind to me. But you must do just as you please. I have no authority ; — and in fact, if I had, and were to command you not to go, and you should stay in on that account, that would not be obedience to God. It is God's will that you should stay in of your own accord."

So she kissed Caleb, and told him he might go. Caleb walked slowly and thoughtfully out of the room, and down stairs, until he came to the parlor door. Here he hesitated ; he wanted very much to go down the back stairs, and get the hawkies ; but then he feared to do what Mrs. Wood had plainly told him was wrong.

Now Mrs. Wood had often told him that, whenever he found himself in circumstances of temptation, hesitating whether to do something wrong, or not, he ought immediately to look up to God, and pray to him for strength. And now, as he stood, with one arm around the post at the head of the ban-

isters of the stairs, swinging himself, undecidedly, to and fro, he thought of this. Although the chief source of his reluctance to go down for the hawkies had been, thus far, an unwillingness to go contrary to Mrs. Wood's advice, and not a desire to please God, yet he had some regard for God, and some true love for him. So he turned around, leaned his head upon the banisters, and whispered the following little prayer, which Mrs. Wood had taught him for just such occasions: —

"O God, now that I am in temptation, wilt thou help me? Give me strength to do just what I *ought* to do, and not let me fall into sin, and so, for a little pleasure for a moment, destroy my peace of mind, and displease thee; for Jesus' sake. Amen."

God heard his prayer. He will always hear the prayers of children who call upon him at such times, when they are struggling with temptation and sin. Caleb's love for his Father in heaven grew stronger and clearer at once. He longed to do something to

please him. He felt sorry that he had, for a moment, had any disposition to do what he had forbidden. In fact, the struggle was over. It was no longer hard for him to keep from going down stairs. He did not want to go down stairs. He walked directly into the parlor, trying to think of something to do, which would show that he was now heartily willing to obey God's commands.

He looked up to the clock, and found that it wanted only ten minutes of time for the bell to ring.

"I wish it was fifteen," said he; "I can't do much in ten minutes. Let me see — what shall I do? — I will teach Mary a verse out of her book. That will be just the thing."

So he took Mary up in his lap, and said, "Now, Mary, I will teach you a verse out of your book."

Mary was pleased with this plan. Caleb took his seat again by the window, and lifted Mary up into his lap again. In a moment his eye fell upon the hawkies, lying upon the top of the wall, in the sun, as before.

"We'll go and sit in another place, away from the window," said Caleb.

So Mary got down, and Caleb went through the open folding doors, into the front parlor, and took his station upon the sofa, sitting back in one corner of it, with Mary by his side. He took one of the round pillows, which, like the sofa, were covered with black mohair, and laid it across his and Mary's lap. Then he opened the Sunday picture-book and laid it upon the pillow, which formed an excellent table.

In five minutes, Mary had pretty nearly learned a short verse. Caleb selected a short one, both because Mary was little, and also because he had not much time. The verse was this: —

"*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.*"

There was a picture of a globe, with clouds around it above the verse, and Caleb taught Mary that when he opened the book, and showed her that picture, then she must say that verse. He thought he could teach her several other verses in the same way; and then, when Mary had her book alone, she could turn over the leaves herself, and when she saw the various pictures, she would re-

member the verses under them, and so could repeat them. This would be a sort of reading, he thought, and it would be a fine thing for her to be able to sit down by herself, and read her book, even if it was only such a kind of reading as this.

Presently Caleb heard a church clock beginning to strike. He said, "There, Mary, now it is time for me to go." So he put the pillow away, and let Mary jump down; and then he went to the front window, and looked out. Ladies and gentlemen, and now and then a little group of children, were walking along the sidewalks, and over the gravel paths upon the Common. Park Street clock struck the hour — the tones of the bell coming full and clear into the room. Then another clock, at a little distance, and then another, and presently the bells began to ring slowly, with a variety of tones, and different degrees of loudness, as they were near or more remote. The air was soon filled with the music, and Caleb enjoyed it very much. He had often heard the ringing of the Boston bells before, on a still Sabbath morning; but he had now been absent in the country so

long, that he had almost forgotten the sound. After listening to them a few minutes, Caleb got his hat, and then went up to his mother's chamber to tell her that he was going.

"Very well," said she, "be a good boy, Caleb, and, when you come home, tell me all that you have heard."

CHAPTER VI.

JANSON AGAIN.

Caleb went down to the front door, and pulling back the catch with one hand, he turned the knob of the lock with the other, and opened the door. He walked along the sidewalk, and a great many other children, neatly dressed, and with their question books under their arms, were before and behind him. He soon turned down a corner, and presently another corner, into the street where his Sabbath School was held. He saw a great many children, and several teachers, going along at the same time, and he noticed particularly a small boy, walking with crutches, just before him, upon the other side of the way. The boy happened to look round just as Caleb first observed him, and he saw that it was Janson.

Caleb ran across the road, and overtook him.

"Janson," said he, "is this you? Are you going to Sabbath School?"

"Yes," said Janson. "Are you?"

"Yes," replied Caleb.

"I never saw you at our school," said Janson.

"No," said Caleb, "I have been away in the country, a great while."

"What class are you going to be in, then?" said Janson.

"I don't know," said Caleb.

"Then go with me, and be in my class," said Janson.

"Will the teacher let me?" asked Caleb.

"O, yes," replied Janson; "she always says we may bring scholars into our class."

Just at this moment the boys turned round a corner into a sort of passage-way which led to the door of the great brick school-house, where the Sunday School was held. It was a large building, two stories high. They went up some steps, and just as they were going in at the door, Caleb perceived that Janson held a small paper in his hand, clasping it around his crutch. It was neatly folded. Caleb asked him what it was.

"It is my exercise," said Janson.

But they were now in a crowd of children and teachers who were going in. From the entry they went up a flight of stairs, which led to the great school-room, in the second story. Janson had to go slow, and so Caleb went slow so as to keep near him.

They came into a very large room, nearly filled with long ranges of desks extending from one side to the other. These seats were nearly filled with scholars, and there was a teacher near each class. Janson led the way to one of the side aisles between the rows of desks, and Caleb followed. He walked along towards one of the back seats, and there a young lady, who was seated at the head of a little class, smiled when she saw Janson coming, and said,

"Good morning, Janson. This is a pleasant day for Sunday School, is n't it? But who is this with you?"

"I don't know," said Janson, "what his name is. I found him coming to school, and so I asked him to come into our class."

"My name is Caleb," said Caleb to the teacher.

"I am glad to see you, Caleb," said she. And then she asked him what his father's name was, and where he lived, and whether he was coming to the school constantly. Caleb told her that he had been in the country, spending the summer; and that perhaps he should go there again soon. So the teacher said that she would state the case to the superintendent, and ask him to allow Caleb to remain in her class as long as he should stay in town.

So Caleb took his seat, and presently the school was opened.

For some time the whole school attended to some general exercises, which were conducted by the superintendent; but after that, the time came for the several teachers to take charge of their classes. So Janson's teacher took her place in front of the class, and asked them if any of them had written the exercise she had given them.

"Here is mine," said Janson, handing her his paper.

There were two other boys in the class older and larger than Janson.

"Did you write it, Charles?" said the teacher, turning to one of the boys.

"No," said he, "I had not any time."

"Did you, James?"

"No, ma'am;" said James; "I didn't know how."

"Well, we will read Janson's, and, perhaps, after you have heard his, you will understand better the next time how to do it. But first," she continued, "I must explain the plan to the new scholar. You see, Caleb," she added, turning to him, "I proposed to the boys that they should write an exercise in the course of the week, and bring it in to me to-day. I explained a verse to them as well as I could, and then I proposed that they should write down upon a paper, first the verse itself, and then the meaning of it as they understood it, and also any thing else they might think of, to say about it; and this is Janson's."

So the teacher opened Janson's paper, and read as follows:—

"'*Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.*'

"This text means that if any body has done wrong, we should forgive them, and not be angry with them. There is a reason for this. The reason is, 'considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' The reason is founded on 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' If you had done wrong, should you like to have another boy *scold* at you?"

"Very well," said the teacher, after reading Janson's exercise. "That is very well. I think it is very useful for you to take an exercise like this, for it enables you to understand the texts a great deal better, and fixes the meaning of them in your minds. Now I will hear you recite your other lessons, and then I will explain another verse to you, and you may write an exercise upon it next week, if you like."

Accordingly, after she had heard them recite their other lessons, she opened her little morocco Bible, and asked the boys all to attend while she explained a verse to them.

"Here is a good one," said Charles, holding his Testament out to the teacher, and pointing to a verse.

The teacher read it aloud. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Yes," said she, "that is a very good verse, — an excellent verse; but it is very easy and plain in its meaning. I want to find one which you would not be likely to understand very well yourselves. I selected one this morning, and put a mark in."

So the teacher opened to her mark, and read the following verse: —

"'For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.' It is in the First of Thessalonians, fifth chapter, ninth and tenth verses."

"That is two verses," said Janson.

"Yes," said the teacher; "but then they are closely connected together, so as to make only one sentence. Now I will explain it to you. 'For God hath not appointed us to *wrath*;' — What do you suppose *wrath* means, boys?" she asked, looking around upon the class.

"It means *hell*," said Janson, solemnly.

"Yes," said the teacher; "or, rather, perhaps it means all the sorrows and sufferings,

206358

both in this world and in the other, which come from sin. *The wrath of God,* as it is used in the Bible, does not mean angry passion, but that just displeasure which leads him to punish sin. He punishes sin by remorse and anguish in this world, as well as in another. Now, God has not *appointed* us to wrath. That is, he has not made us and intended us to plunge ourselves in sin and sorrow. If I should see a boy growing up a vicious boy, breaking God's commands, disobeying his parents, and going on towards misery and wretchedness, I might say to him, 'This is not the way that God has *appointed* for you. He has not intended you for sin and suffering. You are in the wrong road, — God has designed for you a different way altogether.'

"'But to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.' Even if you have already committed great sins, and brought yourself under the wrath and curse of God's law, still, he does not wish you to go on in suffering it. He has not appointed you to wrath; that is not the destiny He has marked out for you. His desire is that you should be forgiven, through Jesus Christ, who died for you."

When the teacher had got thus far, she observed that Charles's eyes appeared to be wandering, and that his countenance had a vacant expression. So she was afraid that he was not attending.

"Now, Charles," said she, addressing herself particularly to him, so as to recall his attention, "once I lived in a house with a small boy, whose name was Charles, the same as yours. He was quite a small boy. One evening, after he had been in bed some time, I went into his little room, and I found him awake, and restless, and apparently very unhappy. I asked him what it was that troubled him. He said he had told a falsehood that day to his mother, and he felt very wretched, and could not go to sleep. I told him that I was very sorry. 'And now, Charles,' I said to him, 'the remorse and anguish of mind which you suffer, is caused by God's displeasure against such sin. He has formed us so, that, if we sin, we must be miserable until our sins are forgiven. That is the wrath of God, his just punishment of sin. But now, Charles, you need not lie here suffering this wrath of God any longer. You are not *appointed* unto

wrath; that is not God's plan for you. His design and appointment for you are, that you should obtain forgiveness through Jesus Christ, who died for you. So, all you have got to do, is, as soon as I have gone, to kneel down by your bedside, and confess your sin to God, and ask him to forgive you for Christ's sake, who died for you on purpose that you might be forgiven and saved from just such sufferings as these.'

"Then I went away, and Charles did as I had recommended to him; and about a quarter of an hour afterwards I looked in to his room again, to ask him if he felt relieved at all from his burden, and I found that he was fast asleep with his cheek upon his hand."

Just at this moment, Caleb heard a little bell sounding at the superintendent's desk. The teacher said that that was the signal for the lessons to be closed, and so she could not explain the rest of the verse at that time. "So you may only write about the part that I have explained."

"But I don't think I can remember what you have said," replied Caleb.

"O, I don't expect you will write that,"

said the teacher. "What I have said is only meant to help you to understand the verse, and you may write any thing you think, yourselves, about it."

Just then the bell struck a second time; and then, in a moment after, the superintendent rose, and began to read a hymn. The scholars all stood up to sing it, and then the school was dismissed.

That afternoon, when Caleb came home from church, he went up into the nursery, and, taking his Testament, he sat down at the little desk by the window, and prepared to write his exercise. When he sat down, he did not know what he should say; but he supposed that perhaps he should think of something when he got ready to begin. So he opened his Testament at the right place, and laid it down upon his desk, with a book across it to keep it open. Then he took out a piece of paper about as big as that which Janson's exercise had been written upon, and a pen, — and began to think what to say. Mary was playing about the room; but he did not pay any attention to her, though, after he

had written one or two sentences, very slowly and laboriously, she came to him with a couple of books under her arms, and looked up to him with a roguish smile, saying,

"Do you want to buy any books, sir?"

"No, sir," said Caleb, just glancing a look at her, and still trying to think what to say next.

"No, you must say, 'Yes, sir,'" said Mary.

"Well, yes, sir."

And so Caleb took the books which Mary handed to him, and making a little bow to her, he added,

"Thank you, sir."

"No," said Mary; "you must say, 'You are obliged to, sir.'"

Caleb laughed at Mary's mistake.

"You mean," he replied, "I must say, 'I am much obliged to you, sir;' but now you go away, and sell your books to Mrs. Wood, for I want to write."

Mary then ran away, and Caleb went on. He could not write very well, and he had to print some of the letters in his exercise; but at last he got it finished, just before the tea-

bell rang. He had time, however, to carry it to Mrs. Wood, and ask her if she thought it would do. She said she thought that it would do very well; though she advised him to learn how to write all the letters in it, and then to copy it again handsomely in the course of the week. And this Caleb thought would be an excellent plan.

CHAPTER VII.

MONDAY MORNING.

The next morning Caleb was waked by hearing a roaring sound. He thought the house was on fire, and he started up suddenly. He found himself in the nursery, in his little trundle-bed, at the foot of the great bed. He looked around the room, and found that the roaring sound was produced by a fire in the grate. There was a sort of covering of sheet iron, with a handle in the middle of it, put up over the grate, called a *blower*. It is very common in the cities and large towns, where grates and coals are used; but many children in the country have never seen one. It is called a *blower*, because, when it is put up against the grate, it makes the air draw up very strongly through the fire, and that makes the fire burn very fiercely, with a roaring sound. Mrs. Wood had

built the fire, and she was now standing out near the windows, putting up the curtains.

"Mrs. Wood," said Caleb, "did you build the fire?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wood; "it is pretty cold this morning."

"You will have your blower red hot, if you don't take care."

"I am going to take it down," said she.

So saying, she went to the grate, and took down the blower. Then Caleb saw a bright and blazing fire of coal. It was bituminous coal, not anthracite; and bituminous coal burns with a very bright flame, and it makes a great smoke in the chimney.

So Caleb lay still a few minutes, thinking what he should do for amusement that day. He was sorry that Dwight had gone back, because now he had nobody to play with. Then he thought of Janson, and wished that he had a pair of trucks, to carry to his father's to be painted. And while he was trying to think of something else to carry, Mrs. Wood asked him if it was not time for him to get up.

"Has the first bell rung?" asked Caleb.

At Caleb's father's, there was a bell rung half an hour before breakfast time, and another when breakfast was ready. And so Caleb always knew, when he heard the first bell ring, that it was time for him to get up.

The first bell had not rung; but it was nearly time for it to ring, and so Caleb got up, and began to dress himself. Mary was still asleep, in the great bed. Presently, however, she awoke too, and Mrs. Wood dressed her; and when both of the children were ready to go down stairs, Mrs. Wood took her seat in her great arm-chair, which she had drawn up to the fire, and took Caleb in her lap.

"Well, Caleb," said she, "now you begin another week."

"Yes," said Caleb.

"And I hope you will have a prosperous and a happy time of it."

"Yes," said Caleb. "And there are three things I am glad of, about yesterday; — I thought of them last night, just before I went to sleep."

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Wood.

"Why, first, that I did not go and get the

hawkies; and, second, that I taught Mary her verse; and, third, that I wrote my exercise."

"Yes, I am glad too," said Mrs. Wood.

"There's a great deal of satisfaction in having done right," said Caleb.

"And some danger," said Mrs. Wood.

"Danger!" said Caleb, looking up suddenly in Mrs. Wood's face; "danger in doing right! What danger?"

"Danger of being puffed up with pride, as if we had performed some very good deeds."

The truth was, that Caleb *was* a little more pleased with himself than he ought to have been, at the thoughts of what he had done the day before; and when Mrs. Wood spoke in this manner to him, he felt a little self-condemned. He did not, however, know exactly what to say, and so he looked down again into the fire, and was silent.

"Now, Caleb," resumed Mrs. Wood, in a very kind tone; "I don't know that you are proud of your good deeds at all. I only know that I am myself apt to be, and I thought it possible that you might be too. So I want to ask you one or two questions, if you would like to have me."

"Well," said Caleb, "I should."

"Should you have gone and got the hawkies yesterday, or not, if I had not talked with you about it?"

"Yes, I should, I suppose," said Caleb.

"And should you have taught Mary her verse?"

Caleb shook his head, but did not reply.

"And if the teacher at the Sabbath School had not asked you to write the exercise, should you have done it, or any such thing?"

"No," said Caleb, "I don't think I should."

"Then you see," continued Mrs. Wood, "that if you had been left to yourself, you would not have done any of these things. Now, God placed you in circumstances to bring these influences upon you. And then I think it is he that inclined your heart to do these things; so that you must thank him, not yourself, for them all. If he had left you to yourself, you would not have performed one of them."

Caleb perceived that this was all true.

His goodness seemed far less worthy of credit, than it had done before.

There was then a short pause. Mrs. Wood left him undisturbed, that he might reflect a little upon the subject.

"Now, Caleb, this should keep you from feeling proud of your goodness, but should not make you feel any the less happy on account of it."

"Why not?" said Caleb.

"Why, if you feel that God has himself kept you back from temptation, and led you to do your duty, you will feel humble and lowly in heart, and that is a much happier feeling than pride. Then, besides, you will feel safer for the future, — for if you perceive that God was helping you yesterday, it would seem that he loves you, and is looking over you, and that he will continue to take care of you, and keep you from sin.

"So, I think," continued Mrs. Wood, "that you do right to be pleased and happy that God kept you from breaking the Sabbath, yesterday; but you must remember all the time, that in all your goodness, 'it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do,'

and so be humble-minded, and thankful to him; and always remember that if God leaves you to yourself, you will certainly, at any time, yield to temptation, and fall into sin."

Here the second bell rang, which was the signal for them all to go down, into the basement, to family prayers, which immediately preceded breakfast. Upon hearing it, Mary jumped up from her play, and ran to Caleb, saying,

"Come, Caleb, come; we must go down now. Dinner is ready."

"No," said Caleb, "not dinner — breakfast. We don't have dinner in the morning. It is morning now, and we are going to have breakfast, and after breakfast I am going out to get my hawkies."

Accordingly, after breakfast, Caleb went down into the kitchen, and got his chair, and with a good deal of effort succeeded in carrying it out to the back of the yard.

"Here, here!" called out a voice behind him. Caleb turned round to see who it was. It was Alfred, his father's hired man, who was then at work in the shed.

"What now, Caleb?" said Alfred.

"O, I am going to get these hawkies."

"O, yes," said Alfred, "they are for you and Dwight. The man who was at work here the other day, told me to tell you, and I forgot it."

While Alfred was speaking, Caleb was planting his chair close to the wall, and clambering up in it. Standing on tiptoe, he could just look upon the top; but, to his surprise and inexpressible disappointment, the hawkies were gone!

Caleb stood upon the chair a moment, utterly confounded. "O dear me," said he, "now what has become of those hawkies?" The tears came into his eyes. He brushed them away, and walked slowly back into the house. At the door, under the back piazza, he met Mrs. Wood.

"Well, Caleb," said she, "can't you get the hawkies?"

"They're gone," said Caleb, in a desponding tone.

"Gone?" said Mrs. Wood; "where are they gone?"

"I don't know," said Caleb; "but they are gone."

He put the chair back into the kitchen, and went up stairs to the nursery. He took his place at his little desk by the window. The window was shut; but still he could look out, and see the whole top of the wall from one end to the other. The hawkies were no where to be seen.

Mrs. Wood just then came in, and, as she was busy here and there, about the room, she heard Caleb say, with a sigh,

"O dear me, how sorry I am!"

"Sorry for what?" said Mrs. Wood.

"Why, that the hawkies are gone."

"O, I did not know but that you meant you were sorry that you did not go and get them yesterday."

"Why, no," said Caleb, "I am not sorry for that. But I am very sorry that they are gone."

"*I* am not very sorry," said Mrs. Wood.

"Not sorry!" said Caleb, looking up with surprise. "Why not?"

"On the whole," said Mrs. Wood, "I think I am rather glad."

"Glad!" said Caleb.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wood; "for now you have a fair specimen of what you are to ex-

pect in obeying God. If you had found the hawkies safe, this morning, and had had a good time playing with them, it would perhaps have led you to expect that obedience to God's commands would hereafter not cost you any sacrifice."

"But you told me yesterday," said Caleb, "that, if I should keep the Sabbath day holy, I should be all the happier for it."

"So you will; and always, if you obey God's commands, you will be in a far happier state of mind, than if you disobey him. Still, you will often lose very valuable things by it."

"Shall I?" said Caleb.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Wood. "The source of happiness in obeying God, is in the very pleasure of obeying him, who has been so kind and good to you; and sometimes, if you lose something by it, it actually increases the pleasure."

"*Increases* the pleasure!" said Caleb; "how?"

"Why, when we think how kind God has been to us, and how ungrateful and disobedient we have been towards him, there is

sometimes a kind of pleasure in actually giving up something to please him."

Caleb did not answer. He sat still, musing upon what Mrs. Wood had said. He thought it was true. And after a little time he rose from his seat, saying in a pleasant tone,

"Well, I don't care much about my hawkies, after all."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE HAWKIES.

As the readers of this book will probably like to know how the hawkies happened to disappear so suddenly, I may as well tell them, though it will lead me into rather a long story.

At the same time that Caleb was going to Sunday School, on the morning when he first spied the hawkies on the wall, two other boys were walking along upon one of the side-walks together, in one of the streets near. They had been sent to Sunday School too; but as it was a very pleasant morning, they concluded not to go, but to play about the streets instead. They were bad boys, disobedient to their parents, and profane and impure in their language. They sauntered slowly along, talking about what they should do. Their names were Fritz and Davy.

"Let's go down on to Long Wharf," said

Davy to Fritz, "and see the Minerva; she got in, yesterday."

"They won't let us go aboard," said Fritz, rather pettishly.

"Yes, they will," answered Davy.

"They won't," said Fritz.

"I say, they will. I know they will," replied Davy, positively. "The Captain isn't there to-day."

"Well," said Fritz, who was a short, stout-built boy, with frizzled hair, and an old cap upon his head, "the Minerva does not lie at Long Wharf — she is away down to Granite Wharf."

"Well, let's go there, then," said Davy.

"No," said Fritz, "the old North-enders are all about there, and they'll stone us."

"Ho!" said Davy, in a tone of contempt, "who's afraid of the North-enders?"

Just then a stage-coach passed by, lumbering along through the streets. It had just arrived in town, with passengers, from the country, though stage-coaches very seldom come in at that hour, on the Sabbath. Most of the passengers had been left at their respective homes; there were, however, two

yet in the coach, and their trunks were still fastened upon the rack behind; the end of the broad strap, by which they were secured, trailed along upon the pavement.

The instant that Fritz caught sight of this, he darted off of the side-walk, and ran out to the coach, beckoning Davy, who was rather of a slower cast of character, to follow. Davy accordingly ran after him, and caught hold of the strap, and ran along with Fritz. They presently leaped up and took their seats upon the trunks, and rode along very coolly, the driver not knowing that they were there. The stage, after turning one or two corners, happened to come at length into the very street which passed along behind the yard of Caleb's house; and just before they reached it, Fritz stood up upon the trunks, and peeped slyly over the top of the coach, towards the driver's seat, to see if the driver was looking at him.

After standing here a minute or two, gazing about, they arrived opposite the house that Caleb lived in, and, as they were passing by, Fritz's eyes happened to fall upon the hawkies lying upon the wall. He was stand-

ing up so high upon the trunks that he could see them very plainly. He looked at them a moment, and supposed that some boy, who lived at that house, had put them up there, in order to hide them, and so keep them safe: and he immediately conceived the design of getting them for him and Davy. So he clambered down, and carefully let himself off, by the strap, upon the pavement, calling upon Davy to follow.

The coach was going along so rapidly that he did not have time to explain to Davy what his object was; so he simply called out to him to get off; running along by the side-walk a little to keep up, as the coach went on.

But Davy did not seem disposed to get off. He wanted to have his ride out, and Fritz, seeing no other mode of effecting his purpose, called out to the coachman to "cut behind." The driver looked round, and then reaching out to one side, gave a long cut with his lash, away behind the coach. The snapper curled round upon Davy's neck, right behind his ears, just as he was letting himself down from the trunks. For as soon

as he heard Fritz call to the driver to "cut behind," he began to get off as fast as he could.

Davy almost fell down by the shock of coming so suddenly to the pavement, and his neck smarted and tingled with the pain. He was very angry with Fritz indeed. He ran after him with a countenance expressive of rage and fury. He tried to find stones and clubs to throw at him, but could not. It was cruel, it is true, for Fritz to treat him so; but it was all that he had a right to expect. The wicked have no mercy for each other.

After a while, Fritz succeeded in pacifying Davy, so as to tell him about the hawkies. He then got Davy up to the wall, and told him to stoop down with his hands upon his knees. Fritz then climbed up upon his back, and stood upon his shoulders, holding on by the wall above. In this way he could reach over the top of the wall, and draw the hawkies down. As soon as the boys got possession of them, each took one, and they ran off as fast as they could go.

They took a wide circuit around through

the streets, and came out, at length, upon the Mall, near the bottom of the Common.

"Now," said Fritz to Davy, "we will have a game of drive."

So he took a small ball out of his pocket, and laid it down upon the gravel walk, and told Fritz to run along ahead. Then with his hawky he knocked the ball along towards Davy, and Davy tried to stop it with his hawky, as it rolled swiftly towards him. He then knocked it back towards Fritz, and so they knocked it to and fro, each boy trying to knock it beyond the other boy, as far as he could, and yet to prevent its going by himself. Now Davy was the largest and strongest boy, but Fritz was the most adroit and skilful. And so Fritz knocked it by Davy, oftener than Davy could knock it by Fritz. Thus Fritz drove, and, after about an hour, he had driven him across to the other corner of the Common, near to the place where Dwight and Caleb first came in sight of it, on coming into town over the mill-dam.

Here Fritz put the ball in his pocket, and the boys began to walk along in one of the streets. They came pretty soon to a great

gate in a high wall, which was open. They looked in, and saw a pleasant little yard there. The name PARKER was printed upon a little tin plate upon the gate. The boys looked about here a minute or two, and then walked on.

The next thing that attracted the boys' attention was a sort of store or shop, that looked like an apothecary's. The shutters were partly open, and the boys could see large globes and jars, full of green, blue, and red liquids, in at the window. Fritz peeped in, as he passed by, and said he saw great jars full of candy in there.

"I move we get some," said Fritz.

"*I* haven't got any money," said Davy; "have you?"

"No; but I can tell you a way to get them without money," replied Fritz.

"How?" said Davy.

Fritz then explained to Davy that his plan was this:—"We will go," said he, "round another street, and come down by Mr. Parker's, and then you go from there into the apothecary's, and ask them to give you two ounces of hoarhound candy, and two ounces

of peppermints, for Mr. Parker, and he will give them to you, and then you can carry them into Mr. Parker's yard; and so, even if the apothecary's girl should watch you, she would think it is all right."

"The apothecary's girl?" said Davy.

"Yes," said Fritz; "there is nobody but a girl in there."

"Well," said Davy, after thinking of it a moment, "that is a good plan; but why don't you go yourself? What do you send me for?"

"Why," said Fritz, "I contrived the plan, and that is my part. It is no more than fair that you should go."

Fritz thought that, by this plan, in case they should be detected, nobody but Davy could be punished, as he would be the one that would actually do the deed. But he was mistaken, as the result showed.

Davy, at length, reluctantly consented. He walked along from Mr. Parker's to the apothecary's, and, going in, told the girl that Mr. Parker wanted him to come and buy two ounces of hoarhound candy, and two ounces of peppermints, for his little boy who was

sick. The girl hesitated a moment, but supposing that he told the truth, she weighed out the articles, put them up in papers, and gave them to Davy. Davy told her to charge them to Mr. Parker, and then went out.

As he went out, the girl observed that he had a hawky in his hand. Now, although it was very natural for a wicked boy, idling about the streets on the Sabbath, to have a hawky in his hand, it was not very likely that a good boy, sent by Mr. Parker for something to be used as a medicine, would bring such an instrument with him; so the girl's suspicions were aroused.

She accordingly went immediately into a room back of the shop, and called her father; and she told him the whole story as rapidly as she could, while she brought him along towards the door.

In the mean time Fritz was watching, round a corner. He saw Davy come out of the store, with the parcels in his hands, and supposed that all was safe. He waited a minute or two, until Davy was just going into Mr. Parker's yard, and then as he saw nobody watching him at the apothecary's, and

was very eager to get his share of the spoil, he immediately ran in after him; and the apothecary reached the door with his daughter, just in time to see the two boys go in together, their hawkies in their hands.

The apothecary caught his hat, and ran across the street after them. He appeared at the gate, so as to confront the boys, just as they were coming out. He seized them immediately by the collar, one in each hand, before they had time to run, and dragged them out very roughly into the street. The boys were excessively frightened. They did not know what to do or say. The apothecary did not speak, but went on, dragging them along, — they hanging back, and beginning to cry. He told them to throw down their sticks. They did so, just as he was pulling them off from the side-walk into the street, to take them across to his store.

The boys soon began to cry more and more, and to beg that he would let them go. But the apothecary made no reply; in fact, he took no notice of their supplications whatever. When he got them into the store, he sent his daughter over to Mr. Parker's to ask

him if he had sent any boys over to his store, that afternoon, to buy any thing. Mr. Parker sent word back that he had not. Then the apothecary sent for a police officer.

The boys waited for some time in fear and trembling. At length, a rough-looking man came, and tied their hands behind them with a strong cord, tight. He then told them to march along before him.

In this way they had to go through several streets, until they came to a large brick building, where the officer took them in. He led them into a dark and gloomy room, which was the watch-house, and locked them up there.

Here the boys had to stay all that night, and the next morning they were carried before the court, to be tried; and both were sentenced to go to the House of Correction. Fritz was sent as well as Davy; for it was proved that he was Davy's accomplice in the crime, and, in the view of the law, just as guilty.

On that morning too, about the time that the boys' trial was coming on, a poor woman came walking along the street, near the apoth-

ecary's, picking up all the sticks, and bits of paper, and every thing that was combustible, that she could find, to make her fire with. Her eye fell upon the two hawkies, as they lay pretty near together, down by the edge of the side-walk. She seized them with great avidity, considering them quite a prize. She laid one end of each upon the curb stone of the side-walk, while the other end rested upon the pavement, and then, putting her foot upon the middle, and resting her whole weight upon it, she broke them in two, first one, and then the other; and all four pieces were burnt up that evening. And that was the end of the hawkies.

CHAPTER IX.

CALEB'S STORY.

One morning, after breakfast, Caleb was sitting in his little chair by the side of the fire, in his mother's parlor. It was not very cold, and there was not much fire. The smoke and flame were bursting out, however, a little from among the pieces of coal, black, smooth, and shining, which filled the grate. His mother had drawn up her work table on one side of the fire, and had taken out her work. Caleb was reading a book.

Just at this time, Mary came out of a china closet, which opened into the back parlor, drawing her little wagon full of blocks. It was a pretty little wagon, made of mahogany, and with brass wheels. The sides were open, so that Caleb could see the blocks between the slender bars. It was heaped up very full.

Mary hauled the wagon along until she got it before the fire, and then turned the whole load over upon the carpet. She then sat down by the side of the blocks, and began to build what she called a train of railroad cars. It consisted of a long row of little structures, with a large one at the head for a locomotive. After she had them all arranged, she jingled a little bell which her mother had lent her for this purpose, and began to say, "Choo-choo-choo-choo," in imitation of the sound made by the locomotive when the train of cars starts off from the station. This was what she and Caleb called "playing cars." Caleb taught her to play cars.

Presently, Caleb laid down his book, and got down upon the carpet with Mary, and played cars with her for some time. But they did not agree very well. Caleb wanted Mary to play his way, and Mary wanted Caleb to play her way. Once or twice, when they began to dispute, their mother spoke to them.

"Caleb," she said, at one time, "don't trouble Mary."

"Why, mother," he replied, "she does not play right. I am only showing her how to fix them right."

Then all was quiet for a minute or two; but presently their mother would hear discordant voices again.

"Children," said she, "be pleasant."

"I want it here," said Mary to Caleb, in an impatient tone, pulling, at the same time, upon the blocks.

"No," replied Caleb, pulling in his turn, "no; that is not the place for the locomotive."

"Caleb," said his mother, "let her have them just as she pleases."

"But, mother," said Caleb, "she is going to have the locomotive behind the cars, and it ought to be before them."

"O, it's no matter," replied his mother; "let Mary amuse herself in her own way."

"Why, yes, mother, it is very important; for the cars will run off of the track if the locomotive is behind."

Their mother did not answer, but went on with her sewing, — apparently thinking of something else. The children got along pret-

ty peaceably for ten minutes, when they got into another discussion more serious than any before, and at last their mother had to call Caleb away. She told him that he had done very wrong to go and disturb Mary when she was there playing very pleasantly by herself.

"Why, mother," said Caleb, "I only went to help her."

"O, no, Caleb," said his mother.

"Why, yes, mother, I did, certainly," said Caleb, with a positive air and manner; "she was not playing right."

"That is what older children very often say," she replied, "when they trouble younger ones; but I think that if you look at it candidly, you will see that you were pursuing your own amusement, not hers."

Caleb did not answer; but he felt conscious that his mother was right.

"She was busily employed," continued his mother, "amusing herself with her own playthings, and you went and unjustly deprived her of the enjoyment of them, in order to gratify your own ideas and feelings."

Caleb was silent.

"That is selfishness, — seeking your own

gratification to the disregard of others' rights. Now, I advise you not to have such a spirit as that, but try to do some good to Mary, even if it makes you some trouble, instead of troubling her to make enjoyment for yourself."

Caleb was silent; but he secretly resolved to follow his mother's advice. He looked at Mary again, to see what she was doing. She appeared to be tired of her blocks, and was putting them back in her wagon to haul them away. She was always obliged to put her blocks carefully away, whenever she had done playing with them.

"Mary," said Caleb, "should not you like to have me help you put your blocks away?"

"Yes," said Mary.

So Caleb kneeled down upon the carpet, and helped put the blocks into the wagon. Then he walked along, and let Mary draw them to the closet. He would have liked to draw them himself; but he perceived that she wished to do it, and so he walked along by her side.

When the wagon was put into its place in the closet, the children walked out together

again. Caleb was anxious to make some amends to Mary for the injustice that he had done to her, and so he said,

"Well, Mary, and now what should you like to have me do for you?"

"Why, I should like to have you tell me a story," said Mary.

Caleb used often to take Mary up into his lap, and tell her stories. Sometimes they were true, and sometimes fictitious. Mary was not very particular; she liked any thing that was a story.

"Well, Mary, I will."

So he led her along to his chair, and lifted her into his lap. Mary was a very little child, and he could hold her pretty easily.

"What shall the story be about, Mary?" said Caleb.

"O," said Mary, "about a cow."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will tell you a story about a cow. Once there was a cow, and her name was White-horn. She lived in a farmer's yard.

"One day she said to herself, 'I don't see why they never let me go into the house. I am sober, and steady, and still: I never make

any noise, nor trouble any body at all. I think they might let me go into the kitchen sometimes.'

"Just then she happened to feel thirsty, for it was a very warm summer's day.

"'O,' said she, 'I know where to get some drink. I will go to the tub.'

"So she went to the great tub under the pump, at the corner of the yard; but there was no water in it. She put her nose down into the tub, but there was no water there — not a drop.

"'Ah,' said she, 'the water is all gone. I am afraid it is all dried up. What shall I do? I wish I could pump.'

"Then she walked along to the kitchen door. The door was open. She looked in. She said, 'I wonder why they will never let me go into the kitchen. I should like to know what the farmer's wife keeps in there.'

"So she stood at the door, with her feet upon the great flat stone which was placed there for a step. She looked in. She saw a great many wonderful things; at least, they looked very wonderful to a cow. There was

a great tin-kitchen down before the fire, with some meat in it, roasting. Old White-horn wondered what it could be. She thought it must be some sort of milk-pail. She had never seen any thing of tin except a milk-pail.

"'O, what a great fire!' thought the cow. 'I wonder what they make a fire for, this hot day. I'm sure I don't want a fire.'

"Then she looked around the room to see if there was any thing there that she did want. There was a sink in one corner. In the sink there was a pail.

"'Ah,' thought Madam White-horn, 'that is the thing for me. If that pail is only full of water! It will be just enough for a drink. I have a great mind to go in and see. I will walk in very softly, and so not make the least noise.'

"So she began to step along into the kitchen. She tried to walk very softly, but her feet were very hard; and they went *knock*, *knock*, *knock*, along the floor. She was frightened to hear what a noise she made. She could always walk softly on the

ground, and she wondered what made her feet make such a noise now upon the floor.

"However, she went on to the sink, and put her great round nose into the water-pail, and drank, and drank, until she had drank it up.

"But now, Mary, where do you suppose the farmer's wife was all this time?" said Caleb, interrupting himself in his story.

"I don't know," answered Mary, wondering where she could be.

"Why, she was up in the chamber," said Caleb, "sweeping the floor. She heard a very heavy tread down in the kitchen, and came running down to see what it could be. When she opened the kitchen door, there she saw old White-horn just drinking up the last mouthful of water.

"So she ran after her, with her broom, to drive her out. The poor cow turned around as quick as she could, and walked along back to the door, and then out, — the farmer's wife after her, banging her on the back all the way."

Here Caleb paused, and looked down into Mary's face with a smile.

"Now tell some more," said Mary.

"No," said Caleb, "that is all."

So Caleb put Mary down, and she went up stairs to the nursery, and Caleb came back, and sat down upon the cricket with his mother.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLANNEL GARDEN.

One morning, after Caleb had studied his lesson, and recited it to his mother, she told him that he might, if he chose, go out into the yard, and play.

"What shall I play, mother?" said Caleb.

"O, I don't know," said his mother. "You have plays enough, have not you?"

"No, mother, I have not enough in Boston, where there is nothing but a little stony yard to play in. I wish you would let me go and play in the street."

"I don't like to have you play in the street, very well, — there are so many bad boys. I think you can find something to play in the yard. What did you use to play in the country?"

"O, I used to make a little garden; that was good play. But I cannot make any garden here. There is not any room."

"It is possible to make a little garden in the house."

"In the house?" said Caleb.

"Yes," said his mother.

"How do they make 'em?" said Caleb.

"Why, one way," replied the mother, "is to take a tumbler, and fill it full of water; then spread a little soft cotton over the top of the water. The cotton is light, and it will float. Then put some seeds upon the top of the cotton, and, after a few days, they will sprout and grow. Long white roots will run down into the water, and the tops will come out into the air."

"Will they?" said Caleb.

"Yes; and there are several advantages which such a garden as this has over all other gardens."

"What?" said Caleb.

"Why, in the first place, when you plant the seeds, they do not go out of sight. You can watch them all the time. You can see them when they first begin to sprout and burst open their coverings. And then you can see the little root run down, and the leaves come up.

"Besides," she continued, "they grow much faster in this kind of garden, than in common gardens. They begin to grow almost immediately, and get up quite high in a very few days."

"And how soon do they have flowers on them?" said Caleb.

"Why, — you can hardly expect flowers in such a kind of garden as this," said his mother. "The plants won't grow very large."

"O, but I shall want some flowers to grow," said Caleb.

"Why, if you had a real garden," said his mother, "the flowers would not come out before it would be time for you to go into the country."

"That is true," said Caleb.

During this conversation, Caleb had been sitting with his mother near a window. She was at work. The sun was shining in pleasantly. This made him think to ask his mother if it would be necessary for him to put his floating garden in the sun.

"You must put it where it will be warm," said she. "The two things essential to vegetation are warmth and moisture."

"Warmth and moisture?" repeated Caleb.

"Yes," said his mother. "If you keep seeds dry, whether warm or cold, they will remain a long time just as they are. If you keep them wet and cold, they will rot; if wet and warm, they will vegetate."

"Vegetate?"

"Yes, begin to grow. First, they put out a little root, which runs down. When it first appears, we call it a *sprout*. Then, most kinds of seeds split open, and each half becomes a little leaf; and they come up in a pair, above the ground."

"Well, mother, I believe I will have a water garden, — if I could only get some seeds to plant in it."

"O, we have got plenty of seeds in the house."

"Have we? What kind?" said Caleb.

"O, a great many kinds."

"What do you keep so many seeds for?" asked Caleb.

"Why, we use them for a good many purposes. In fact, almost every thing we use in the house for food is seed."

"Why, mother!" said Caleb.

"It is really so," she added. "There is wheat, — that is a seed."

"But we do not eat wheat," said Caleb.

"No, but we eat flour, which is only the seeds of wheat ground up. Then, meal is made of the seeds of corn. Beans are seeds, and peas are seeds."

"I never thought of that before," said Caleb.

"It is really so," said his mother. "And so it is with nuts — walnuts, and chestnuts, and almonds, are seeds; even the cocoa-nut is a seed."

"O, what a great seed!" said Caleb. "Do you think that a cocoa-nut would grow if I should plant it?"

"I don't know," said she. "Then the stones of all fruits are seeds, — such as peach-stones, plum-stones, tamarind-stones, and all such stones. Now, you can get all these kind of seeds to plant in your water garden, if you wish."

"So I can," said Caleb. "I did not know that there were so many kinds of seeds in the house."

"Yes, there are even more. I presume we have some mustard and flaxseed; and then there is coffee, — that is a seed."

"But tea isn't," said Caleb.

"No, tea is an exception — it is a leaf."

"Is pepper a seed?" said Caleb.

"I don't know," said his mother, "certainly; but I presume it is; and allspice and cloves, and perhaps even nutmegs."

"I have got some Guinea peas up in the nursery," said Caleb; "do you suppose they are seeds?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I suppose so."

"And do you think they would grow if I should plant them?"

"I know of no reason why they should not," replied his mother; "though I could tell better in regard to some of these things if I could examine them."

"How should you examine them?"

"Why, first, I should soak them a little in warm water, and that would make them swell, and soften. Then, I should cut them open, very carefully, and, if they were seeds, I should expect to find some little place where the sprout would come out; and also that the

whole would easily split into two parts, as most seeds do."

"Raisins are not seeds," said Caleb.

"No, but they have seeds inside."

"So I could get some raisin seeds very easily."

"Yes, and if one of them should grow, you would have a grape vine; — for raisins, you know, are only dried grapes. You could get lemon seeds too, and orange seeds, and then you would have lemon and orange trees."

"But they would not grow much, you said, in the cotton garden."

"No; but if you find that they begin to grow, you can very easily put them out in a flower-pot, and then perhaps they would grow large."

"Well, mother, I mean to try," said Caleb; and he began to go away to get a tumbler.

After moving a few steps, he stopped and said,

"But, mother, one tumbler will not be enough for all these seeds."

"No, it will not," said she; "but then, if you are only going to sprout the seeds, it

may perhaps be as well to adopt some other plan. All that is necessary, you know, is to have warmth and moisture."

"What other plan would be better?" asked Caleb.

"Why, let me think," said his mother, hesitating. "There is no need of having much water below, if you are not going to let the seeds remain to run down into it."

Caleb and his mother talked some time about various plans, and at last they adopted the following, which Caleb got Mrs. Wood to help him execute. He got a square, but shallow tin pan, such as is used for baking cake, and poured some water over the bottom of it. Then Mrs. Wood folded a piece of flannel, so that it would just go into the pan, and Caleb patted it down, until the water had soaked up into it, and wetted it thoroughly. Then he went after his seeds. Mrs. Wood helped him collect them from the different closets in the house. He got a few kernels of each kind; not indeed of all the kinds he could find, but only of such as he had some curiosity about, to see how they would look when they came to grow up high in pots.

He got coffee, and rice, and almonds, and lemon and orange seeds, and raisin seeds, and various kinds of spices. He also got a good many kinds of nuts and stones, which he cracked very carefully, so as to take out the meat whole, which his mother told him was the true seed. He wanted to try a cocoa-nut; but that would be too large to go into his tin pan.

After collecting all these, he put them carefully into the pan, upon the top of the flannel. Then he covered the whole over with another piece of flannel, according to Mrs. Wood's recommendation. She said she thought that would keep the seeds all moist, and the seeds would be situated more like seeds planted in the ground; for they are generally covered.

When all was ready, he sprinkled a little more water over the upper flannel, and then put the pan away in a warm place, near the kitchen chimney.

When his father came home that day to dinner, Caleb asked him if he would give him some money to buy some flower-pots.

"What for?" said his father.

"Why, I am sprouting some seeds, and I want some flower-pots for them to grow in."

"How are you sprouting them?" asked his father.

"In my flannel garden."

"Your flannel garden!" exclaimed his father, with surprise. "I never heard of a flannel garden."

So Caleb went out into the kitchen, and brought in his pan, and setting it down carefully upon the table, he lifted up the upper flannel very gently, and showed his father all the seeds, spread about very regularly. They were all moist and warm, and some of them were beginning to swell.

"Why, you have got some Guinea peas here; do you suppose they will grow?" said his father.

"I don't know," replied Caleb. "Mother said they were seeds, and so I hope they will."

"And what is that?" said his father, pointing to a pretty large, flat seed, about half as big as an almond.

"That is a peach seed; it is the meat of a peach-stone. I cracked the stone."

"Ah!" said his father; "and what is that? That is smaller."

"That is a damson, I believe."

"A damson? Did it come from preserves?"

"Yes," said Caleb; "Mrs. Wood gave it to me."

"That won't grow, then," said his father.

"Why not?" asked Caleb.

"O, because it has been cooked. The damsons were all stewed, and that heats the seeds so hot that it kills them."

"O, I'm sorry," said Caleb; "I wanted a damson-tree very much."

"These are apple seeds, I suppose," said his father, pointing down to some small seeds in a corner, that looked like apple seeds.

"No," said Caleb, "they are quince seeds."

"Quince?" repeated his father. "Then they won't grow any better than the damsons, for they have been preserved."

"Then my tamarind-stones won't grow either," said Caleb, mournfully, pointing to some beautiful, shining tamarind-stones, about the middle of his garden.

"Those have been preserved," said his father; "yes. But then 'seems to me I

have heard that tamarind-stones will grow. Perhaps they are preserved in some such way as raisins are, without being cooked. I don't know how they do it, though you can tell, I suppose, by looking in the Cyclopedia. Have you got any fig seeds?"

"No, sir," said Caleb.

"A fig is full of them, — if you could only get a fig. I see you have some orange seeds here."

"Yes, and lemon too," said Caleb.

"Yes, — they will grow, I know," said his father.

"How do you know?" asked Caleb. "Did you ever try?"

"No; but I have seen trees about the city which did grow up from seed, which people planted in pots; though I never heard of a flannel garden before."

"Don't you think they will grow in this garden?" asked Caleb.

"I don't know," replied his father. "Perhaps they may sprout, — some of them."

"And then I shall want some pots to plant them in, if they do sprout."

"Well, Caleb," said his father, after think-

ing a minute or two, "I will tell you what I will do. We will wait a few days, and see if your seeds sprout; and then you may go and buy as many flower-pots, — small ones, — as you have different kinds of seeds sprouted. So, if you have good luck, you will get quite a green-house."

Caleb was well satisfied with this; and so he carefully covered up his seeds, and carried back the pan, and put it in its place. He went to it two or three times that day, to peep in, and see if any of his seeds had sprouted; but they had not. He was too impatient. He did not give them time.

In the end, however, the plan succeeded very well. A considerable number of seeds sprouted, so that Caleb's father had to buy him six small flower-pots with saucers. They altogether cost nearly a half a dollar. Caleb filled them up with fine earth, and then carefully planted the sprouted seeds. Some of them died, however, in the earth, even after they had sprouted a little in the pan. When he went away into the country, he left those that lived and grew, under Mrs. Wood's care, to be kept for him in the nursery, up stairs.

There was a lemon-tree, an orange, a chestnut, a fig, and some others. So Caleb found that he could have a garden, even in the city; and if there are any children who read this, that are sometimes shut up in the house, on rainy days, or because they cannot be permitted to go out into the street, I advise them, instead of making noise and trouble, or being fretful and discontented, to go to work quietly, and make a "flannel garden." Caleb always called it his *flannel* garden; but any other kind of cloth would have done just as well as flannel. All that is essential is warmth and moisture.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOPPING.

One morning, after breakfast, Caleb's father rose from the table, and prepared to go away to his store.

"Now, mamma," said he, speaking to Caleb's mother, "I want to have Caleb write a letter to his grandmother to-day. I am going to send up a package to-morrow, and I want to have a little letter go from him."

"I can't write very well," said Caleb.

"No, but you can print, when you do not know how to write the letters. You must do it as well as you can."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will." In fact, he was rather pleased with the idea of writing to his grandmother.

"You will get tired, Caleb, long before you are through; but, still, you must persevere. I want you to write one hour. And you must not begin to reckon the hour until you have

fairly commenced the work. Mother or Mrs. Wood may tell you when the hour is out, and after that you may immediately bring the letter to a close, and so fold and address it, and have it all ready to show to me when I get home."

Caleb's father and mother then talked together a few moments in the entry, before he went away. As soon as his father had gone, Caleb went up to his little desk and got out his writing materials, and went industriously to work. Mrs. Wood was in the room, and answered the questions which he found it necessary to ask about the spelling of some of the words. She also sometimes showed him how to form the letters, so that he did not have to print but very little.

Mrs. Wood told him when the hour was out, and then Caleb folded his letter, and wrote his grandmother's name upon the outside; then, after waiting till the ink was dry, he carried it down, and showed it to his mother.

She said it was done very well. Then she went to her work-table, and opened the drawer; she took out a quarter of a dollar.

"There," said she, "your father left this money, and he asked me to give it to you, if you should write your letter well, and let you go down into the street, and buy any thing with it you please."

"O, I shall like that very much," said Caleb.

So Caleb took his money, put on his hat, and went out.

Some little girls were trundling tall hoops upon the side-walk, and he thought he should like such a one himself. So he asked one of the girls where she bought her hoop. She did not, however, pay any attention to him, but drove on, upon the full run.

Caleb looked after the girls a minute or two, and then walked along. Presently, he turned down towards Washington Street, the street which contains the principal shops. He had not proceeded far, before his attention was attracted by the sound of martial music. It was a company of soldiers, coming towards the Common. They were not in sight where Caleb stood; but he thought that, by going to a corner near by, towards which he saw

the men and boys running, he should be able to see them as they passed; so he went along as fast as he could go.

Just before he reached the corner, he saw a boy coming out of a yard, with a pail of water in his hand; it seemed to be very heavy, for the boy leaned over a good deal, the contrary way, in carrying the water. It was not a very large boy.

As soon as this boy came out upon the side-walk, and heard the music, he put down his pail of water, near the edge of the walk, and ran off to see the company; and he and Caleb stood pretty near together until the soldiers had passed by. They were splendidly dressed; and there were two bands of music. One consisted of a long row of drummers and fifers; and then, besides them, there was a larger band, more handsomely dressed, and having all sorts of bright brass instruments — bugles, trumpets, and trombones. For a time, the drums and fifes would play, and the soldiers all march to the sound of their music; and then suddenly they would stop, and there would burst forth a flood of richer music from the bugles, trum-

pets, and trombones. Caleb was in an ecstasy.

When the soldiers had gone by, Caleb and the others, who had been standing there to see them, began to walk away. The boy, who had left the water-pail upon the side-walk, was walking back to the place, a few steps in advance of Caleb, and just before he reached it, another large boy, who happened just then to be passing along, and saw the pail full of water standing there, just on the edge of the walk, thought it would be good fun to upset it, and so he pushed it over with his foot, and the water all ran down, the pail tumbling after it, into the gutter. The great boy then ran away, and the little boy, who had lost the water, began to cry.

Caleb went and picked up the pail, and handed it to him.

"Never mind it," said Caleb, to the little boy. "You can get some more water very easily. Besides, I will go and help you get some."

"But they won't give me any more," said the boy.

"Won't give you any!" said Caleb, with surprise; "won't give you a pail of water!"

"No," said the boy; "they told me I must not come again, for it was aqueduct-water, and they were not allowed to give it away."

This seemed very strange to Caleb. He supposed that people were always willing to give away water. He never had heard of aqueduct-water, however, and he thought it might possibly be some peculiarly excellent kind of water, which was too valuable to give away.

But the truth was, that as it was a great deal of work to dig wells all over Boston, the people formed the plan of bringing water, from a pond a few miles out of town, in a great pipe laid in the ground. This was called an *aqueduct*. The great pipe was conducted along into the lowest part of the city, for the pond was not very high, and of course the water would not run up to the high parts. Then there were small pipes made to branch off from the large one, to lead to all the houses where the people wanted the water to come; only they had to pay something for the water to the men that had laid down the

pipes. So the money they received from the people who lived in the houses that the water came to, paid them for their time, and trouble, and expense in making the aqueduct. But then they would not allow the people who had the water to give it away to their neighbors; for the neighbors, if they wanted to use the aqueduct-water, ought to be willing to pay their share of the expense themselves, and have it brought in a small pipe to their own houses.

Now Caleb did not know all this, and so he wondered why they were not willing to give away the aqueduct-water.

"What kind of water is it?" said he.

"O, it is just like any other water."

"Then why won't they let you have some?" said Caleb.

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I think they'll give you some more," said he. "Come, I will go with you."

So Caleb went in with the boy. He passed under an arch-way, and, at the end of it, found himself in a small yard, where there was a door leading into a kitchen. He and

the boy knocked at the door. A woman came, and asked them what they wanted.

"Why, this boy has lost his water — a great boy kicked it over — and I wish you would be so good as to give him a little more."

Caleb's intercession was effectual. Perhaps it was because he spoke in a very pleasant and proper way. Parents generally take a great deal of pains to teach their children gentlemanly manners; for it is a great advantage to them to have such manners, wherever they go. People are always more pleased with them, and are a great deal more likely to comply with their requests.

Caleb helped the boy bring his new pailful of water out into the street, and then he left him. The boy went away, evidently very much relieved; but he did not thank Caleb, or say any thing at all to him, when he went away. However, this made no great difference. Caleb did not go with him to get the water for the sake of being thanked, but for the sake of helping a boy in trouble. He accomplished his object, and he felt much

happier in thinking of the affair, afterwards, than the boy did who had pushed the pail over.

Caleb soon reached Washington Street, and he walked along very much interested in looking into the shop windows. There were a great many curious articles displayed at the windows, and he soon found a multitude of toys, and books, and other things which he wanted to buy. At one window he saw a great many knives, and scissors, and wallets, and pocket-books, of all kinds. There were ivory chess-men, too, elegantly carved — knights, castles, kings, and queens. Some windows were filled with watches; others, with beautifully colored pictures; others, with images, playthings, and toys, of every kind. Then, at one place, Caleb stopped to look at a large collection of flowers, in pots, which stood in a door-way, and out upon the side-walk near the door. He had a great disposition to stop and buy one of these; but, before he decided which he should prefer, his eye caught a great display of fruit in the next window. There were raisins, almonds, dates, filberts, walnuts, &c.,

in boxes, placed in such a manner as to be inclined towards the window, so as to be presented fully to the view of persons passing along. Caleb thought of buying some walnuts, and then carrying them home, and cracking them with the little carpet hammer.

But then, in a moment, he reflected that it would be better to buy something that would last longer than nuts and raisins, and so he walked on. He passed a number of windows next, that had nothing in them of any consequence ; the glass was large and handsome, but then there was nothing inside but bonnets of all shapes and sizes, and shawls, and caps, and worked capes, and collars. Caleb cared nothing about these things, and he was passing rapidly on, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a wax figure of a lady, in one of the windows. He stopped a minute to look at it, but presently he recollected that he had often seen it before, and so he passed on till he came to a wooden-ware store, with baskets, and little carriages, and wheelbarrows, standing at the door. He saw one little wheelbarrow which he would have liked very much, but he knew at

once, that he could not expect to get it for a quarter of a dollar; and then besides, he could not carry it into the country with him very well.

So he rambled on for some time, watching the various objects as they successively presented themselves to him, and deciding against them, for one reason or another, until, at length, he came to the end of Washington Street; there he turned up another street, to a great toy shop, where he had often been accustomed to go. It was a very large shop, and full of playthings. There was a long counter covered with toys and images of every kind; swinging and jumping men, barking dogs, and grinning monkeys; there were birds that would peep, and soldiers that would drum; and sheep, and lambs, and rabbits, and little wagons, and coaches, and omnibuses; some of wood and some of tin, and all very curious and beautiful.

These were upon the counter. Then, there were shelves along upon both sides of the store, all crowded full of packages of playthings. There were boxes containing farm-houses and yards, villages and com-

panies of soldiers; and there were Noah's arks, and whistles, and flageolets; and bundles of whips and jumping ropes hanging down from nails in the posts; and pretty large horses on iron legs, upon the floor. Hanging up by the door, on one side, there was a large number of clocks, ticking away at a great rate, all together.

Caleb looked about here for some time. He saw a good many things which he thought would please him; but he did not find any one that seemed so evidently superior to all the rest as to decide his choice, until his eye fell upon a little checker-board.

"What is the price of that checker-board?" said he.

"Fifty cents," replied the storekeeper.

"O, I can't buy it then — I have only got a quarter of a dollar."

Then the storekeeper told him that he had cheaper ones. He had some, he said, for thirty cents, and if Caleb only had twenty-five, he believed that he would let him have one for that price.

So he took down a package of checker-boards from an upper shelf. They were

small and thin, but yet large enough to use without much inconvenience. The checker-men were neatly turned, and put up in a box by themselves. Caleb concluded to take them. The man put the board and the box of men up in a paper, and so Caleb, after paying him the quarter of a dollar, took them under his arm, and walked along towards home.

He thought he had made a very judicious purchase; for his father had often told him it was best to buy such things as could be used again and again, rather than the toys and playthings which were only amusing to look at. "The checker-board," said he to himself, "I can use a great many times, and then it will give other people pleasure as well as me. I will teach Mary to play."

When he reached home, the clock was striking two, and, just as he arrived at the door, he found his father going in to dinner.

"Father," said he, "see!" And he held up his parcel, which was neatly put up in a brown paper. But his father, of course, could not see what was in it.

"What is it?" said his father.

"A checker-board," said Caleb; "and the men are in the box, with it — all complete."

So Caleb pushed in, and went in pursuit of his mother.

"You see, mother," said Caleb, when he found her, and told her about his purchase, "I chose the checker-board because I can *do* something with it. I can use it again and again, and that is better than to buy something which is only good to look at — as you have often told me, father."

For here Caleb saw his father coming into the room, and so he addressed the last part of his sentence to him.

"Yes, that is best, certainly," said his father. "I am very glad that you remember what I advise. I think you did very right to buy the checker-board."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHECKER-BOARD.

The family soon sat down to dinner. Caleb untied the string, and took out his board and box of men, and laid them down by the side of his plate. Presently, his mother said that he had better put them away until after dinner. Then Caleb carried them to his mother's work-table, and put them down there.

His father and mother then talked together a little while about other things, and Caleb ate his dinner. At length, when the pudding came in, there was a little pause, and Caleb said,

"Well, father, I am glad you like my checker-board."

"But I did not say I liked your checker-board."

"Why, yes, father — didn't you? I understood you so."

"I believe not," said his father.

"Why, yes, just before dinner."

"No; I said I thought you had done right in buying it."

"Well, sir, that's what I mean."

"Yes; but that is very different from saying that I liked the board. It may be that you do perfectly right in buying a thing, and yet I may not like the thing itself. However, I will talk with you about it after dinner."

After dinner, Caleb and his father went into a little library room, where they were often accustomed to sit and talk after dinner, and where they sometimes used to take their dessert, instead of eating it at the table. It was a very pleasant little room, with book-shelves all around it, and a large table in the middle, covered with books, maps, papers, &c. On a stand, in one corner, was a globe; and there was a little cabinet under the looking-glass, which contained a camera obscura, a microscope, and other articles of philosophical apparatus. Caleb and his father sat down upon the sofa, which was

upon one side of the room, near the fire. Presently, his mother came in, and took her seat in a rocking chair, near them. A small, round table was drawn up before the sofa, and, in a minute or two, a servant came in with a waiter containing the dessert. There was a plate of peaches, another of pears, and a silver basket filled with grapes, some white, some purple.

"Well, Caleb," said his father, "what will you have?"

"I will have a pear, I believe," said Caleb.

So his father put a large pear upon a plate for him, and two bunches of grapes, one purple and one white bunch. He also helped Caleb's mother and himself, and then they all began to talk about the checker-board.

"It is not wrong, father, to play checkers, is it?" said Caleb.

"O, no," replied his father, "I don't suppose there is any thing wrong in the thing itself."

"Then, why don't you like my checker-board?"

"Why, Caleb, the truth is just this: — There are some kinds of enjoyments in this world which are innocent, safe, and useful. There are other kinds which are dangerous and hurtful in the extreme; and the objection I have to the game of checkers is, that it belongs to the wrong kind."

"What kind is the wrong kind?"

"It belongs to the class called games of hazard."

"Why, I always thought that checkers and chess were games of *skill*," said Caleb's mother, "not of chance."

"Yes," said his father, "they are, in a very considerable degree, games of skill; for a great deal of skill may be employed in playing them. But skill is not all; for no human sagacity can see through all the combinations of the game, so that a great deal of the result depends upon hazard, after all; and this is a feature of it, in my opinion, on which the interest mainly depends.

"Now, you see, Caleb," continued his father, turning round to Caleb again, "that in playing checkers, you and your playmate become antagonists to each other; each

wants to win himself, and to have the other lose. When the game ends, one beats; but, then, the other must be beaten; one is gratified, but, then, the other must be pained."

"Why, I do not think there is much pain in being beaten in playing checkers," said Caleb. "I never mind it at all."

"Not much, I suppose; but still you feel it a little. On the whole, taking minds as we generally find them, the pain of losing is about as great as the pleasure of winning; so that, on the whole, there is no real gain. Whichever party enjoys the gratification, enjoys it at the expense of the other's suffering. I admit that this is all on a very small scale, in checkers. But that is the nature of it; and that is what I meant by saying it belonged to the wrong kind of amusements, rather than that it was *very* wrong in itself. Now, there are a good many other games of the same nature."

"Yes," said Caleb, "backgammon."

"Yes, and cards, and ninepins, and marbles, and several others. They are all of such a nature, that one party can gain

only just so far as the other party loses; and so they make friends antagonists, and tend to cherish selfishness, ill-will, resentment, and anger."

"O, husband!" said Caleb's mother, "I never saw people angry playing checkers."

"I did not say these games *always* produced these effects, but that they *tended* to do so. I think, in chess and checkers, the tendency is slight; but we can very distinctly perceive it, even there. When the game begins to go against us, and we find, move after move, that we are becoming more and more involved in difficulty, and losing our men, and getting penned up, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, our minds are very apt to get a little ruffled, and are brought into a state of feeling which we conceal, perhaps, by assumed smiles; but it is not a pleasant or even innocent state of mind."

"Why, it seems to me," said Caleb's mother, "that you judge rather too severely. I don't think being beat in chess, when I was a girl, used to trouble me so much."

"Then, it is because you were of a more calm and happy temper when you were a

girl, than most others, which, I know very well, was the fact."

Caleb's mother laughed, but did not answer.

"Seriously," he continued, "I believe it is unquestionably so; the tendency of being beaten in games of chance or skill, as human nature is actually constituted, is to excite feelings of ill-will and resentment towards the victor. In the less exciting games, this tendency is not very great or conspicuous; but it is obvious enough. Sometimes it is overpowered by better feelings; sometimes it is concealed; but still we shall all find traces of it in our own hearts, and we see it in others. Marbles, for instance, give rise to endless disputes and vituperation; and in the great gaming houses in Europe, where the tendency of this *antagonism* has full scope, the most severe and rigid discipline is required to keep the resentment and anger of the conquered from breaking out in the most violent explosions. But, remember, I admit that, in checkers, the tendency is slight and small, and any ordinary amount of good feeling is enough to keep it down. Still,

the game itself, in respect to the intrinsic nature of it, belongs to the wrong class of pleasures.

"And, then, there is another evil still in all these games," continued Caleb's father, "the love of hazard which they all rest upon."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Caleb.

"Why, suppose now I should ask you to take one of your grapes, and I take one one of mine, and we should put them together on the table. Then I should tell you to shut your eyes, and I would hold up one finger, or else two; then you were to guess which it is. If you should guess right, you are to have both of the grapes, yours and mine too; and if I guess right, I am to have them both."

"Well," said Caleb, his eye brightening, "let's do it."

"No," said his father, "I did not want you to do it — I only wanted to explain to you what I meant by love of hazard. You see you are willing to hazard one of your grapes for the chance of getting one of mine. Now,

there is this element of hazard in all these games. To be sure, skill also is deeply concerned in respect to some of them; but then a good deal is left to hazard, after all. In checkers, for instance, you are willing to run the risk of the pain of being beaten, for the sake of the chance of beating. There is a sort of interest about the suspense, which excites the mind."

"Well," said Caleb, "and what harm is there in that?"

"Not much harm," said his father, "if it could be confined to the hazard of beating or being beat, in a quiet game of checkers. But, then, this love of hazard always increases. In almost all games, those who play them, after a little while, get into the way of adding something to the risks, by way of heightening the interest. In marbles, the boy who loses the game, loses his marbles. In ninepins, they first make the losing party set up the pins, or pay for the setting them up. Then, they make them pay for refreshments, perhaps; and, at length, they begin to stake money; first, a little, and, then, a little more."

"And then, at last, do they stake a good deal?" asked Caleb.

"No; not in ninepins," said his father. "When the love of hazard becomes so strong that they want to gamble for large sums, they usually go to other games. The game of ninepins is too exposed and noisy, and requires too much bodily exertion for the intense interest they feel in deep hazard. They then take some more still game, and go into a room alone, and darken it, if it is day-time, and sit around a table in silence, with cards or dice, or something which enables them to give up their whole souls to the absorbing excitement. The higher the risks, the more simple and noiseless the games become; so that those, suited to the beginning of this course, are not at all suited to the end. They change their character as the victim proceeds. He begins with checkers, and ends with *rouge et noir.*"

"What is *rouge et noir?*" said Caleb.

"It is the game played by the great gamblers, in the London and Paris hells."

"Hells?" said Caleb, solemnly.

"Yes, they call the great gaming-houses

hells; probably because they are the abodes of so many infernal passions, and so much misery and despair. I believe it is admitted by the common sentiment of mankind, that of all the modes by which a human being may be ruined, the ruin of gambling is the most horrible, awful, and hopeless. So, you see, my objection to checkers is not that it is in itself very bad, but that it is the beginning of a wrong road. The game belongs to a wrong class of pleasures, and if I admit it, there is danger that it will bring in more of its family."

"Uncle William lets his boys play checkers," said Caleb.

"O, yes," said his father, "so do a great many very excellent people; people, perhaps, whose judgment is full as good as mine. I do not suppose there is any thing morally wrong in it; only it seems to me, on the whole, not best. The danger is not very great; but I don't like to incur any danger of having you become, fifteen years hence, a frequenter of bowling alleys, and of card parties, and other such places of dissipation; especially when there are so many other

sources of pleasure, unquestionably innocent and safe."

"Well, father," said Caleb, drawing a long sigh, "and what shall I do with my checker-board?"

"Why, I should like to have you give it to me, if you will."

"To you, father?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will. Only I wish I had my twenty-five cents back."

"And I may do whatever I please with it?"

"Yes, sir," said Caleb.

Then Caleb's father sent Caleb out after a little bottle of dissolved gum Arabic, which they always kept in the house for pasting. When he came in with the gum bottle, he found his father holding a beautiful picture in his hand; it was almost as big as a checker-board. It was a picture of a boy mounting a little pony, as if he was going to ride.

"O, what a pretty picture, father!" said Caleb. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to paste it over your checker-board."

So his father trimmed down the picture in such a way that it just covered the checkered squares, leaving the border all around. He then pasted it neatly on, so as to hide the squares entirely. Then he cut out a small, round hole, in the middle of one side, which he said was to hang it up by.

"There, Caleb," said he, "there is a drawing-board for you."

"A drawing-board?"

"Yes, you cannot draw very well on a table, without a drawing-board, for there is generally a cloth, and the pencil then indents the paper. But you can draw very well on this. Architects and engineers always draw on drawing-boards."

Caleb took his drawing-board, and seemed very much pleased with it. Presently, he asked his father what he should do with the men.

"The men? Why, you can give some of them to Mary for rollers; and then some of them will be excellent to make wagon wheels of — only just bore a little hole in the middle, to put the end of the axletree through.

"And now, Caleb," said his father, "I must go." And he arose, and went out into the entry, Caleb following him with his drawing-board under his arm.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Caleb," said his father, as he put on his hat.

"O, I don't care much about it," said Caleb.

"I think you acted perfectly right in buying the checker-board, for you had no means of judging of the remote danger which constitutes my objection. But I think it is rather better not to begin with such games.

"I want to have all your pleasures, Caleb," he continued, putting his hand on Caleb's head, "I want all your pleasures to be of *the right kind;* such as will be safe in their ultimate tendencies, as well as agreeable now."

So his father opened the door, and went out, saying, "Good by, Caleb," as he walked down the steps.

"Good by, father," said Caleb.

And his father walked away